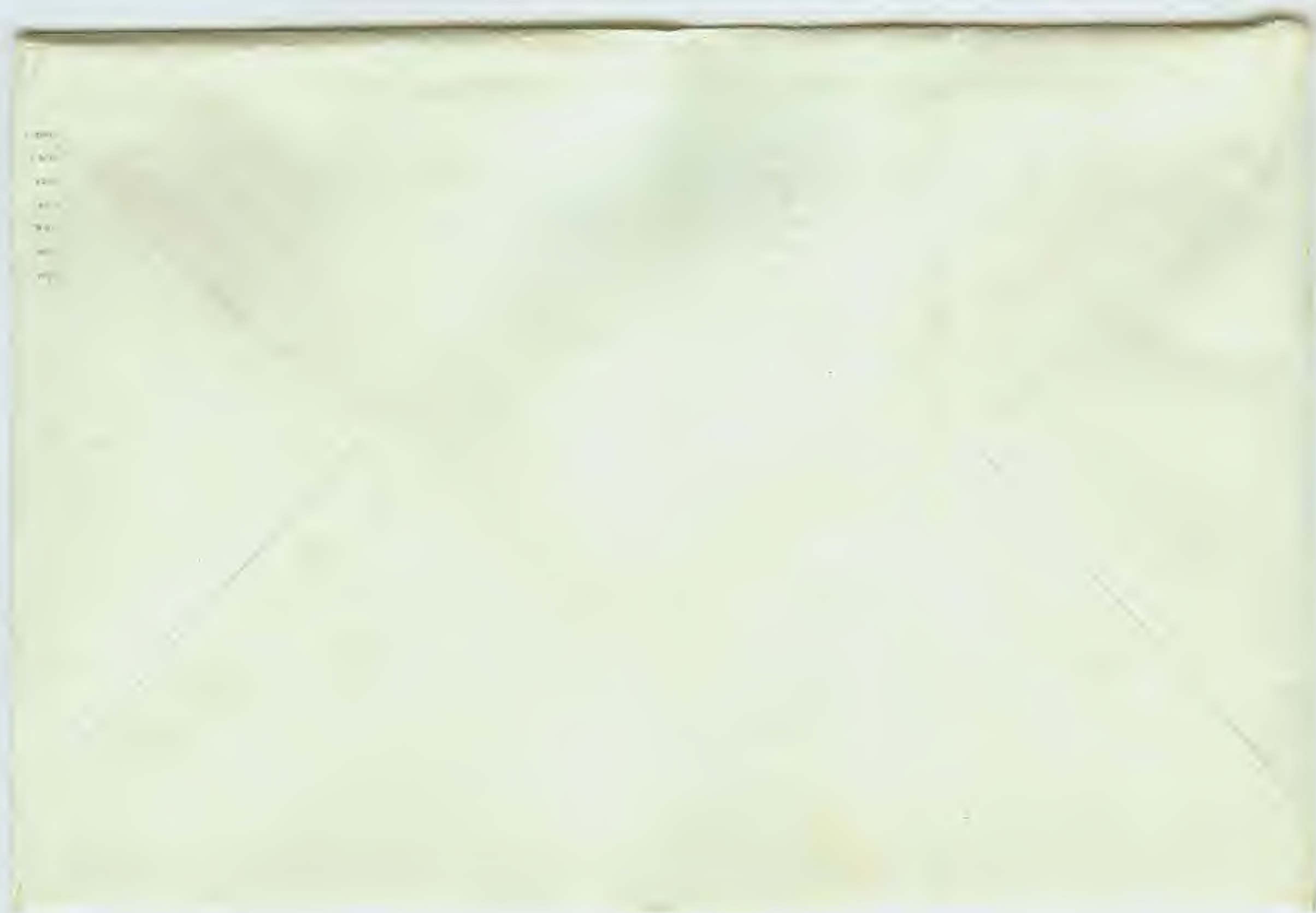


Mrs. Joseph E. M. Leary, Jr.  
440 Fairfield Pike  
Yellow Spring Ohio



Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley  
536 North Wilson St  
Belleville Pennsylvania

Alma Fulton







Dear Grandma

Katy and I like the Buttons

Mommy and I cuoted them all up

I forget how much they were but  
I think they were something like this  
600 or more. thank you a lot for

the Buttons. This is what Katy,  
Mommy and I looked like openning  
the bag.



Love  
Katy  
and  
Alice



Dark Blue

117

Light Blue

~~47~~ 47

Dark Blue

24

Brown

83

Clear

42

White

31

orange

11

Pink

23

little Back

53

Big Back

41

Red

54

Big Green

73

Little Green

32

Purple

12

Light purple

1

~~47~~

~~11~~

604

this is  
Alice's tally  
of the buttons  
you sent!





Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley  
536 N. Wilson St  
Bellefonte  
Pennsylvania 16823

K.



Mrs. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

415387



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

December 4, 1963

Dear Mummie,

Your Thanksgivings in Reading seem to be jinxed. Having spent a good part of the day thinking about you, wondering how you all were making out, and wishing we, too, were there, it certainly came as a shock when Aunt Heinie called the next evening and told us the news. And I felt so very sorry--sorry for Mike's Thanksgiving, sorry for poor Uncle Bo who will be so lonely, and sorry for you having to make the trip. However, I know you were a great help and comfort to Uncle Bo and I trust things worked out as well as can be expected under the circumstances. I did write him a short letter on Monday.

I enjoyed talking to you and Daddy on the telephone last Monday. We really were quite shaken by the ~~ex~~ events of the previous weekend, and I still get teary eyed whenever I read anything about the Kennedys in the newspaper. It was a momentous and dreadful thing and certainly brought close to us all. I think the ~~wonderful~~ television networks did a wonderful job during those three and a half days--we certainly were glued to the set. I thought the entire funeral proceedings on Monday were tremendous, but the single most impressive thing in my mind was seeing General DeGaulle, Queen Fredricka, King Badouin, Prince Phillip, etc, etc, etc, come walking out of the White House gates, all together on their way to the Cathedral.

The week before that Joe was home on vacation and, among other things, we painted the bathroom bright orange! I can't wait for you to see it! Not only did we paint it, but also we got a new shower curtains, window curtains (which aren't made yet) and new bath towels! I shan't describe it now as I couldn't do it justice. Joe is also working on putting acoustical tile in the little bathroom. It was so noisy! The front bedroom is on our list to be done too, though it will have to wait until later as Joe will have no extra time for awhile.

This morning we took our Christmas card down to the printers. Nothing very great, but it is done. I also have my Christmas shopping more or less done having had better luck than usual this year with decisions!



This has been some fall in more ways than one as the enclosed clipping will indicate. It happened Nov. 9 and now seems rather long ago and unimportant what with everything else that has happened, but at the time it seemed to involve my whole life and for a week I could hardly even talk about it. I will tell you more about it sometime--if I remember. Strange how things fade with time. (Good thing, I guess)

Aunt Mary was here for Thanksgiving. She came Tuesday evening with Joe and left the following Monday morning. We didn't do anything spectacular but we all had a pleasant enough time. Joe and I went to a dinner party in Dayton Saturday night and left her baby sitting. She is a funny one--she wanted me to cook supper for her and the girls before I left because she was afraid to use the electric stove. She's a great dish washer when she's here (which is dandy) but the rest of the time she tags around watching me and being impressed--she says I do things so efficiently and cleverly! I made three pies the day before Thanksgiving and she couldn't get over that. She said she had never made a pie in her life and I am inclined to believe her!

I keep hoping a rector for St. John's will turn up before Christmas, but in the meantime I know you are doing a good job of keeping things going. And I hope Daddy's hip is much, much better by now. And, oh yes, if you have pencils to spare you can give all of us including Katy some for Christmas as we seem always to be out and we each are forever accusing the others of taking ours! We have quite a drawing by Alice hanging on the wall showing a lady and a little girl crying. She drew it the day of President Kennedy's assassination and she said it was Mrs. Kennedy and Caroline. And Katy is still working to perfect her X's.

I am dreadfully behind in my ironing so I think I had better get at it. As usual, I wish I could be talking to you as there are so many little things on my mind, but they don't seem to be very important when it comes to writing them down.

With very much love to you and Daddy  
Ellen



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.  
440 Fairfield Pike  
Yellow Springs, Ohio



Mr. & Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley  
536 North Wilson St  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania

K









Dear Grandma & Granddad

I love the creche. It  
is the best present I ever  
got. I like the music  
box because it is "Silent Night".  
Mommy gave me a Barbie  
bed, Katy gave me a Barbie  
wardrobe. I missed you at  
Christmas.

Love and  
Kisses  
Alice





Mr. and Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley  
536 North Wilson Street  
Bellefonte  
Pennsylvania 16823

K.



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

December 19

Dear Mummie,

I almost called you up again--on Tuesday when your letter came. I don't know whether I can ever describe my feelings but I'll try!!!! In the first place, it was a wonderful letter in every way, made my heart warm so to speak, but well, I must start at the beginning. For about a month Joe and I have been looking in stores, looking in catalogues, discussing, deciding, trying to figure the best thing to do, etc, etc, because we had decided we wanted to get a really nice, distinctive, something the children would remember forever--yes, you guessed it--a creche!!!! Now before you panic--we had not yet gotten it. In fact, we couldn't decide which to get. So you can possibly imagine my feelings when I read your letter!! And I was beside myself until Joe got home--which happened to be 10 pm that day/

I prevailed on him to open it that very evening (he wanted to wait--but I knew I for one would be in an agony of suspense). So I hope you'll forgive me, but we did open it. And we liked it--to be perfectly frank, I must say we were appalled at this size at first--it is so big-- but already I'm used to that idea. Certainly our living room is large enough for such a thing and properly the creche should dominate the scene on Christmas. But the figures are beautifully made, very nicely painted and aren't the colors wonderful. Oh, Alice will love it and I can hardly wait until she sees it. And yes, the little angel is a darling, just right for an angel. Well actually, I like all the figures, the stable and everything. We will do as you suggest (the card table is the only solution!) and I will do a good job of decorating it as you would. Oh, I wish you were going to be here to help! Well, words fail me--Joe said "this is almost enough to make me believe in mental telepathy!" **Merry Christmas-----!!!!!!**

The ~~rest~~ rest of the contents of your letter will sink in later on--we truly were overwhelmed about the creche--but I will say we are both pleased about Henry and will respond more properly when we have had official word.'!!

About packages. All of yours came Monday (5 of them, great scott, you did go crazy) and I mailed one to you that same day. It has things for all the Quigleys



in it, as you will discover. There is another package yet to be mailed, but unfortunately some of the things I sent away for have not yet arrived. One thing for Daddy, especially, boo hoo, poor Pop. But I've decided Saturday is D-day, and the package will get mailed with or without everything then.

Oh, I am sorry you all won't be here, and you know we'll be thinking fo you all the time. (Now that I think of it, how could we play bridge this year with the creche on the table!!) Aunt Mary is going to St. Louis so we will have no guests at all t is year. That's sad, because Christmas is a time for people to be together, but it is also nice as we will have a cozy family Christmas. Any kind of Christmas is dandy!

Well, I'm afraid I haven't time to go on~~e~~ and on now becuae as soon as Alice gets home from school in about ten minutes we are going to make gokies for her shcool party. (Doesn't school look funny spelled that way!)

W th very much love to you and Daddy and a Merry Christmas to all.....

*Ellen*



Yellow Springs, Ohio  
December 18, 1963

My Dear Nora,

I am absolutely compelled to respond to your Christmas message to Alice, and I presume to the rest of the family. You couldn't have sent anything more appropos (S) We have been talking about and looking into various creche sets for the last two months. The one you sent is a stunner... a little larger than one we might have planned, but Alice will love it I think and so will we. I think too, that we should allow Alice to move the figures around and to enjoy it in a physical way, and not be forced to just look at it. What do you think? Really we were floored, so floored that we had to open it ourselves and look at it. It's all put away again and it won't be opened again until Alice does it. She won't even know that we have seen it. It's incredible!!!!!! I think that I believe in mental telepathy. Or maybe God is showing His hand in our personal lives (which I really don't think he does) But anyway.....

And to think that a Christmas present should steal the thunder from the really BIG news about Henry. We're delighted and I personally am very delighted. I think that we've got to get some more cousins in this second generation. I do not know Alma and have heard only vague references to her from only a few sources, but I do have positive reactions to her and am looking forward to meeting her. I'm pretty sure if she appeals to Henry that we'll all take her in as our own.

Two things that I've had on my mind for a long time, ever since you were last here. One is about cigarette smoking and the other is about Horizons. No! I haven't opened my Christmas present and I can't ever guess what it is. I was thinking just a short time ago when we were talking over Ellen's family items, that if you do not want to continue taking Horizons any more you could turn the subscription over to me and I will continue to take it in your name. I would pay for it but we could still continue the charter membership arrangement, which is something worth holding on to I think. Nora, I only suggest this in case you might want to give up the magazine for any reason. I certainly do not want to spoil your thunder. So keep this in the back of your mind.

Well I can't seem to get warmed up to the cigarette subject tonight. Maybe we can save it for sometime ~~when~~ when we are sitting around over a drink. It is that kind of a conversation. This I can say... Of all the people I know, once you set your mind to accomplish something, <sup>NEITHER</sup> heaven nor earth can stop you... That is how I felt about the subject of your quitting smoking and that is why I thought that it would be easy for you. Anywy welcome aboard the SS NOS OKE...it's getting to be a very crowded ship. I hope that you will be able to do like I finally have been able to manage. That is have a cigarette only now and then.....BUT YOU DON'T INHALE. What you get is the satisfaction of the cigarette in your mouth without the curse; ~~and~~ the habit doesn't grab you. You really don't enjoy the cigarette in the old fashioned fashion but you do derive some pleasure. And strangely enough you want to do this only once in a while....ie I had two cigarettes last Saturday night and have had no desire since. Well each to his own way of taking care of these things.



So much for the type writer --- It makes me nervous and I can't "talk" so well with it, besides I misspell so much on it! We'll miss you all this year --- we really had a great time last year. Mary called us last night, having just heard from Louie and she's going out to St Louis. So we'll be just the four of us and that will be fun too.

My cousin Kate was in Calif all this fall and I wrote to her to see if she wanted to come (after Henrie turned us down) but she has to hurry back to Conn. Her very lovely house there has been sold and she must clear everything out by Jan end. She is going back to Calif to live with her sister-in-law for a while --- recently widowed (Kate's brother and also my cousin. Andrew Burgoyne).

I read with appreciation your allusions to the passing of John G. Kennedy. Most of the people I know feel they have buried some one "in the family" so to speak. I've quit reading about it and talking about it --- I get upset and also "teary". But besides it has all been said and there is absolutely nothing left to say. ~~So, so~~ so, so, so sad and so incredibly frustrating, just all for absolutely nothing at all.



Now, I'm glad Ruth & Betty  
are coming to your house for Christmas.  
I know you'll all have a good time  
and probably will play bridge until  
it comes out your ears.

I think I've said every thing I've  
~~wanted~~ wanted to write to you  
about. Keep us posted re: Henry. Tell  
him how happy we all are and how  
we'll be waiting with open arms  
to welcome his bride in to the  
"family", if I may presume to be  
included! If she likes Henry's  
family half as much as I do, she  
will be a total success.

Give my personal regards to  
Hughie, tell him we'll have an  
extra snow especially for him on  
next Wed (at least I will)

My love to you both  
most sincerely  
Joe





Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley  
536 N. Wilson St.  
Belleville 16823  
Pennsylvania

R.



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

45387

Also meant To say we did buy the  
ABC book with Quigley in it!



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

August 8, 1963

Dear Mummie,

Oh at last, at last! I was beginning to think I was ~~never~~ going to have a moment to write to you! And of course, I need more than a ~~moment~~--by this time I have a million things to say. And I thank you for being so patient. I have been imagining all along that you know how busy I've been.

First of all, I want to say again and again how much we also enjoyed your visit with us. A perfectly lovely week in an otherwise hectic summer--or at least hectic since then. I was glad to hear your plane trip back was pleasant and that you DID see the mobile. And also that you saw the city. I believe I too have seen the suburbs--"the hills and hills covered with houses and winding roads" but I have never seen the downtown of the city. (From the air, that is.)

And, of course, I enjoyed your account of life on the homefront during your absence--as well as after you returned. Everybody has been so busy! ~~I~~ I hope all goes well and that you and Daddy are having a pleasant summer. I guess Mike and Betsy are there now. We look forward to seeing them soon. We are also hoping to get away for a week ourselves, but the prospect is looking less and less ~~likely~~ likely. If we do it will have to be the last week this month, but now Joe isn't sure he can get off at all. The CORE pickets are still plaguing the place and they've even gone into the store, singing their freedom songs and lying down on the floor to be arrested--strange world we live in--and it does make one nervous. So I don't know when or where we'll go, or if Alice will get her trip after all. Will let you know later, if we decide to do anything spectacular!

I might as well give you a blow by blow account of the ~~last~~ last three weeks, but first a few isolated bits of information I thought you should know! My fuschia plant which I had planted out in the terrace border DID bloom. Not so wildly as originally, but pretty none-the-less. The mouse family was doing famously, the babies more than half as big as Mama and all venturing forth more frequently. Then one day when I got home from camp I discovered one of the babies dead--and (you better not read this part



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

of the letter out loud if there are any men around) and the top of his head eaten off by his dear mother and brother! (ugh) Then, the day before yesterday I took the cage into the garage to put clean cedar chips in it and of course the mother jumped out. I tried to catch her but it seemed a hopeless task so I shut all the doors and waited awhile to decide what to do. Much later Alice called me excitedly--the mother mouse had inadvertently jumped into a bucket which for some unknown reason was full of water, and the poor thing drowned! So my little mouse family has been drastically reduced, and one little very cute mouse lives all by himself in a cage on the tea cart in my living room!

Well, then, to my chronology: I don't remember a thing about the week you left except that I was sad that you had left, but happy in the thoughts of your visit. I guess I washed and ironed and such things. And worked on last minute arrangements for the Day Camp. Which started off reasonably successfully Tuesday morning. Wednesday Joe was home and when I came home from camp hot and tired I thought "how nice, we will all go swimming". But, no, Joe said he and Alice had an errand of importance, so off they went in the car. An hour later they returned, beaming and carrying an aquarium full of water, plants and five lovely fish for my birthday! What a shock! what a surprise! And how simply beautiful they are! I keep them backed up to the refrigerator on the counter bar and can watch them while I telephone. And they are such fun to watch.

The next day when I got home from camp, my birthday, Pauline Peters, who always calls on me for my birthday, was waiting for me with a little present and much good cheer. We had barely settled down to a beer when Walter McCaslin dropped in (he didn't know it was my birthday). We had barely settled down after getting Walt a beer, when Weedie and her brother-in-law dropped in. (I just had the feeling I had written this before and now I realize it was to Mike and Betsy. Go ahead and chuckle, you two!) Anyway, the brother-in-law was bringing Weeds and Donna over for a visit. He stayed about an hour, was impressed by our premises and then left. When Joe got home, we had a drink and then went out to the Tea Room for my birthday dinner. A little frantic because Alice and Donna were excited, but fun anyway. And the three Maloney ladies all wore their beautiful birthday dresses and thought of their dear mother and grandmother!

She didn't  
know it was  
my birthday  
either



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

Friday and Saturday no camp and a very pleasant visit with Cousin Louise. We do have such a good time together and I must say that sometimes surprises me!

*they are going to Denver*  
Friday night we left Weeds to baby sit and Joe and I went to a party at the Coughnour's. It was an off~~ice~~ farewell party for the Hektner's and we sort of had to go. But as it turned out I, at least, had a wonderful time. Infact, I had such a good time I got carried away and got to thinking that the Hektner's had, after all, lived in YS quite awhile before they moved to Dayton, and they have friends here, so on the spur of the moment I told Rike I would have a party for them here before they left. She was delighted and said they'd love to come so this great event is taking place this Saturday night with 14 people in attendance!

Saturday night we took Weeds and Donna back to West Milton, only an hour's drive both ways but even so we didn't get to bed very early. Sunday we made a gallon of ice cream because I had brought the Girl Scout freezer home and thought it would be fun. It was delicious and already is all gone. That night we went to the Viemeisters for dinner.

Tuesday camp again. I came home for supper and to be here while a delegation (7) of interested Yellow Springs citizens came to talk to Joe about what was going on at Rike's, why CORE was picketing, etc. All went well but it was a strain for Joe. Then I went back to camp for the night. When the other leader and I were getting ready for bed we discerned two figures coming through the woods. On went our clothes, we grabbed our flashlights and out we charged in hot pursuit. They fled and though I will never know for sure I think it was two college students looking for a place to neck. Even so I couldn't relax and so spent a rather sleepless night.

Wednesday I came home from camp tired and dirty but managed to pull myself together in time to entertain the Evans family for supper. We had a fine time and they went back to St. Louis on the weekend.

Thursday, the last day of camp. Joe didn't come home for supper and I was in the back yard enjoying a beer with the Cases when I remembered I had a meeting of the Glen Helen Association that evening. I threw together some supper, got a babysitter and a ride, and off I went. I still have the minutes



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

of the meeting to type up, but surely I will find time for that in a week or so!

Friday Washing and ironing and dinner at the Bruckers. They live in that triangular house. (But we ate outside!)

Saturday I took Alice and Kate and went down to GS Camp Whip-Poor-Will Hills with Mary Wise and her granddaughter. She was doing me a favor in taking back to the camp a woman who had come up to tell stories at my camp--she is a wonderful story teller. And the girls and I went along just for fun. And fun we had. We picnicked, relaxed, wandered around and Alice had a great time fishing with a stick, a string and a safety pin. Fish story of the month-- "One fish did eat my cheese (her bait) and he got caught on the hook but another fish came along and helped him get away."

Sunday--swimming, some gardening and then we invited Dick Leonard, whose wife is away, to have supper with us. Afterwards the three of us went to the play. "the Devil's Deciple" by Shaw--very well done and very, very funny.

Monday after noon David Gold, our old Antioch friend who is in the theatre business arrived. He is in a production of "West Side Story" in Columbus and decided it would be fun to commute from our house! He leaves here at 6pm gets back ~~at~~ in the wee hours of the morning, sleeps until after nine and talks my ear off in the meantime. Also if you stop to realize it, he never sees Joe! Except yesterday, Wednesday, Joe was home and he talked Joe's ear off. (Actually, we are very fond of him, so don't worry) Yesterday was truly a riot as I had all the camp leaders here in the morning for an evaluation. About 7 children came with them (who reduced the playroom to chaos in no time and not one woman offered to help clean it up before they left) So David's wandering around looking for breakfast, Joe's trying to get the path from the blacktop to the terrace built, children are everywhere (Alice escaped to the Cases) I'm trying to serve coffee to everyone, Mrs. Birch is trying to run a meeting in her rambling way. Great fun!!!

So I must stop writing this before I go blind! David leaves Friday night to spend the weekend in Columbus as he has two matinees. Which is good timing as we have our party for the Hektner's Saturday.



Then, if we survive that we'll go over to Columbus to see the play ourselves Sunday night and bring David and his girl friend, who ~~is~~ flying in from NY, back with us for just a visit Monday and Tuesday. Then I'll have Wednesday and Thursday to recover and look forward to seeing Mike and Betsy on Friday. And I am looking forward to that, but don't despair if I seem a little bleary eyed and addled!!!!

Well I must stop. Katie has been a dearie to sleep so long and make all this possible! I realize I have said little or nothing about those dear girls and a few words about them would probably interest you far more than all this other blather--but I just got carried away!!!

I just remebered another thing I wanted to tell you--a sad thing really. Last week Alice was drinking lemonade or something and the ice stuck at the bottom of the glass like it sometimes does. She gave it a tap to dislodge it and chipped a corner from one of her front teeth. I was very distressed about it, though she was unconcerned, but now everytime she smiles I see it and geel a pang.

I must quit!

With very much love to you and Daddy, and to the Juniors too, if they are around.

*With kisses, too*

*Ellen*

P.S. I also meant to tell you that one of the fishes Joe gave me was pregnant when he bought it and gave birth to about two dozen babies two days later!!





Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley

536 N. Wilson St

Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

K.

Allice



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO







Hi I am going to tell

Once upon  
a time there  
was ~~a~~ a horse

She was a  
fat horse

BUT SHE  
GIVE  
MILK!



THE  
NICE  
PONY

Jan. 1963

Once upon a time there was a nice  
ponyy. One day he went to the  
woods to play. He saw a boy. The  
boy picked up some nuts AND threw  
them at the pony. the pony ran  
straight out of the woods. Well  
the boy was picking up some nut  
and putting them in a bag.  
The pony had stoped. He had  
came to a house A girl came out  
and said bello and she came  
running to him. She said come  
and stay with me. and he  
DID.

Love  
Alice





Dear

Grandma

This is a story  
about THE NICE  
PONY. Did you like  
it. I think it was  
nice too. And I  
hope we come to  
your house in  
the summer.

love  
Alice

Grandma







Mrs. Hugh W. Quigley  
536 North Wilson Street  
Bellefonte  
Pennsylvania

K.



Mrs. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

February 5, 1963

Dearest Mummy,

Thank you very much for your good wishes of yesterday-- especially since I know you have had many other things on your mind. I was most anxious to get your letter for other reasons, however, as you and Daddy have been on my mind constantly--even more constantly than usual!--since last Monday. It is good to know, at least, that the doctors seem to know what's going on, and I pray that God will watch over Daddy. I know that He will give you patience, as he has given you untold amounts of it in the past.

I don't pretend to understand this shrinking brain business, but I have a general idea about how the brain can be affected by a restriction of the blood flow for one reason or another. And I have great faith in medical science and the miraculous way the body can heal itself or at least compensate--with the help of the love of God. And I figure anything President Eisenhower can do my Daddy can do better! (In getting better, that is!)

Joe is off recruiting in Indiana, and I have my annual February "vacation" in which I get so much done! This is the first time he is gone on our wedding anniversary but I received the usual roses yesterday--it is a time when yellow ones simply magnificent. The funniest thing happened about two weeks ago. I was in the bedroom with Joe when he ~~came~~ came home from work and he was unloading his pockets while we were talking. Out comes his change, a pen, the glasses case, and then a little bundle of notes--you know, he always writes himself notes--I was standing right beside him and he read, "call so and so" and put it in the wastebasket, "pick up this and so" and put it in the drawer for the next day, "see Mr. Jones" into the drawer and then ~~4~~ "4 Feb send roses"--he tried to hide it quickly but I saw it--what a laugh we had!! To think I am just another item on his business list!

Aunt Meinie sent us a suet bar like yours. It hangs on the sycamore tree, full of suet, and the starlings are having a marvelous time with it!

I went to Aile's yesterday and bought curtain rods for the playroom--I'd love to have those curtains done before Joe gets back. I already have the material which is another cover like that already on the couch. I also bought Tatie a jacket and Alice some slacks and a sweat-



Mrs. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

Goodness, I was overoptimistic as to how long that paper was. And I see I need a new typewriter ribbon. Horrors, I was hoping to hold out until I got the new typewriter.

Another of my February projects is to clean out and rearrange the kitchen cupboards. Fun--if one can come to grips with HOW one wants to do it! I also must arrange the dining room closet, and I haven't figured that one out at all.

After Christmas I wrote to Joe's sister inviting them all out for a visit this year. It has been six years since they have been here and I told them it was about time for a repeat. And lo and behold, they want to come--at Easter! I don't like the idea because Alice will be in school (Boston schools are closed all week) and Joe doesn't like the idea because it seems to give him too little time to tell them about his change in religious convictions which he must do before they come as it would completely spoil a visit if he waited until they were here. Poor Joe--he can't begin to think how to do it. Frankly, I had given it only a little thought--after a year one gets pretty used to an idea--but he feels that the news will devastate Marge. Strange life.

Alice just came home from school with a nicely lettered note which says "we are ready to start on Arithmetic Book D. Please send 50¢." Progress.

Mumie, it is hard to say some things in letters, but I just wish I could say something more than I'll be thinking of you constantly because I feel sure I know what you meant when you asked for patience. There isn't much I can do directly but I was just hoping that maybe your knowing that I understand the need for patience might be of some comfort.

With much love,

Ellen





Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley  
536 North Wilson Street  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania

K.



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

April 3, 1963

Dear Mummie,

Joe is in New York of all places--and I must say I wouldn't mind being there right now myself. However, he just left this morning and will be back for supper tomorrow. Anyway, I wasn't even invited!

He was gone all last week, also, and I had a delightful time--I really enjoy it when he is gone for 3 or 4 or 5 days at a time as I settle down to a much more relaxed routine and I get so many little picky things done. Last week I had a marvelous time making some absolutely gorgeous Easter eggs, one of which I intend to send to you. Be careful when you open it!

I spent most of today in Xenia helping with a training session for Girl Scout leaders. It was actually sort of boring, but different from what I usually do, and I agreed to do it mostly to help out a friend. I go again next Wednesday and then will have to talk for an hour and a half--today I did little more than put up charts and run the projector.

I'm making ~~two~~ more pillow cases from The Olde Linen Sheets (they seem to go on forever). This pair has scalloped edges (not very even as I'm too impatient to go slowly with the machine) and will have featherstitching along the hemline. Dark rose thread. I just started the featherstitching this evening--this is the first time I've ever done it--fun, and quite pretty, I think. Alice got intrigued, came sat next to me and announced that she wanted to featherstitch, too. I groaned inwardly as I wanted to get on with mine and also I just knew she couldn't do it. Nevertheless, I decided to be a good sport and she bounced happily off to get needle and thread. I showed her about two stitches, watched while she did the next two, and then went back to my own work--as it was quite obvious that little Alice could do quite well! Really, I was impressed with how well she managed. I am half tempted to send her little feather, as she calls it, to you, but on second thought she might be distressed at finding it gone come morning. Well, I can ask her.

I feel like writing a couple pages about Alice and Kate about what wonderful children they are, but I guess I shouldn't as one can hardly say ~~what~~ all that one feels--and even if one could I guess one shouldn't!



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

But they are both such a delight--or each such a delight, I guess I mean, and sometimes when I think of them, or look at them, or when I'm talking to them, I have such an overflowing feeling inside of me that I can hardly contain myself. One day last week when Joe was gone and Alice was at a friends for the night, I went in to tuck Kate before I went to bed. And I just picked her up and held her and cried a little. Strange. Well, no, she is such a perfect thing and I have such an awesome responsibility toward her.

Well now, enough of this. Good heavens, when you think of how many babies there are in the world, and how many mothers who love them.....

Love is the most important thing in the world--this is the number one thing I learned from my father and my mother and I hope I can teach my children as well.

A distressing thing has happened this winter, one I keep wishing I could talk to you about, but I hesitate to write about it in letters. However, it is much on my mind so I'll tell you a little about it now but plan to tell you more when I see you. In short, Joe's family has finally been informed about his leaving the Catholic church and, Mummie, they are taking it very poorly. Very. Oh, Mummie, to see Joe's stricken face as he reads these letters as they come in--it tears me up and I only hope I have been a little help to him. But it is so hard when I'm torn between being furious and trying to understand. Marge, especially, has taken the attitude of bitterness and sarcasm. She accused him of being selfish, of having always thought only of himself--well, actually, it seems to me that she takes it personally--that he has done this terrible thing only to hurt her. I can't understand it--there is no charity, no Christianity in her response. Bob launched in to a tirade on the evils of Yellow Springs, he had heard things about this place, he said, and Joe is under the influence of left-wing kooks (his words). Kate (cousin Kate) was the only non-frantic one--she was very sorrowful and this I can understand, but she at least gives Joe credit for having thought and prayed long and hard ~~of~~ over his decisions. Well, it will do no one any good for me to repeat everything that has been said, but I did have to say this much. (needless to say, this isn't the sort of thing I discuss with my friends.)

Well, this is turning out to be quite a letter, isn't it?! I have so many thoughts on this business of Joe's family--it has been quite a revalation to me in several ways, but I guess I'd better resist the temptation



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
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to go on. But you, no doubt, will hear more about it from me in person sometime.

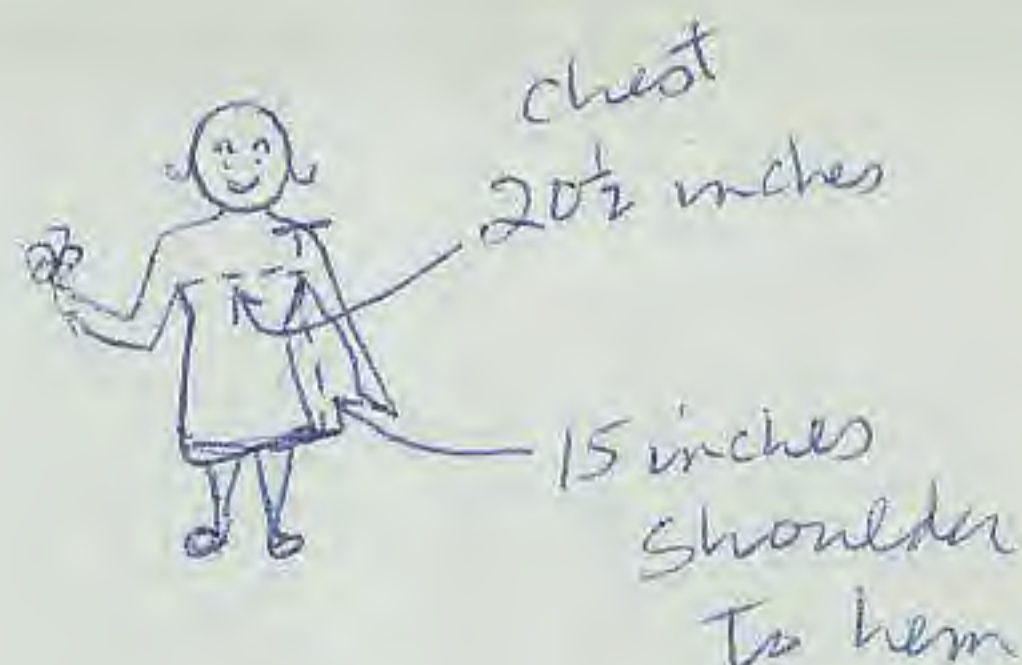
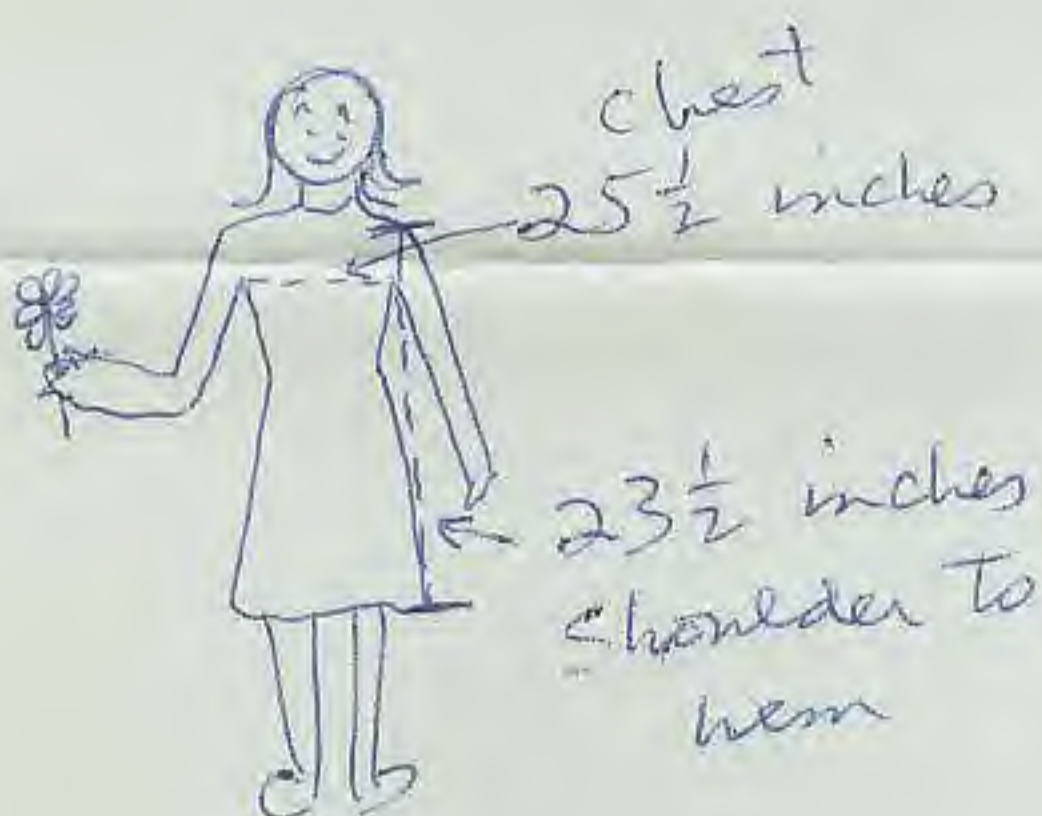
Boy, it will be great if, after all this letter, I forget those measurements! Never fear--they are coming up at the end. I hope I did right--the chest is around (And also you didn't say which grandchild!) Your hat sounds great--I wish I could see you in ~~it~~ it. I'm glad you got an agent for Uncle Bo's house, but even so it sounds as though you have to do an awful lot of work. Love, again, I guess (or is this actually just duty??!!) I have been thinking a lot about love these days. Because I want to ~~understand~~ love Joe's family, I want to understand their uncompromising point of view--but, oh, I'm so mad. They have no right to talk to a grown up man like Joe in that manner...

Eleven o'clock already and you can see by my degenerating typing, I'm tired! So stop, Ellen!

Tell Daddy I've been thinking of him and though it is a long time, the time is passing. It would be almost better to have a broken leg so that you could look at it and say "see, I have a broken leg!"

with very much love to you both

Ellen



like I said -

Gorgeous children!!!



P.S. Next day -

Alice was only too happy to send her  
"feather" to grandma! At this  
moment, Kate is in the little crib  
you gave Alice. What a clown!

Love again,

Ellen





Mr + Mrs H. M. Quigley  
536 N. Wilson St  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania K.




MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

Reimer - 25<sup>00</sup>









MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

August 7, 1962

Happy Birthday, Pop!


Dear Daddy and Mummie,

Oh, so much to say--I hardly know where to begin! Alice has gone out to ~~sleep/ah/~~ play and Katie has fallen asleep, so with a little bit of luck I should be able to write a good long letter!

First things first. Thank you very much for all the birthday presents. Good heavens, I didn't expect any presents as I thought the watch was from both of you! But thank you again very, very much for the watch Daddy. And I certainly have used it. It saw me through day camp in July and has gotten me to and from many a meeting on time. And it is a most marvelous watch--I don't wear it all the time, but when I get it out of my drawer, wind it up and put it on, it ticks happily away and keeps absolutely PERFECT time. I am so pleased with it. And I also enjoyed the card you sent me. I hope you get the one we sent you on time--considering the confusion around here, I was lucky to remember to send it!

And, Mummie, the book looks wonderful and I hope to get to reading it soon. As you know I love books like that. And the picture--





MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY

440 FAIRFIELD PIKE

YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

well, I was flabbergasted! And I think it is very good. What an idea! I took it up to show Elaine Brown at the greenhouse and she really got a kick out of it. "Your mother must be a wonderful person", she said--and I can't help but agree with her! Thank you, thank you for everything (and not the least the very nice letter).

Joe had given me an ashtray in June that I very much wanted--a hanging one for in the grape arbor (sounds crazy but it's very convenient)--with the understanding that was my birthday present. So I was much surprised to receive on July 25th a well lettered document that said I could go the Pike-Kumler Co. anytime and pick out carpeting for our bedroom. Yippee! Also, he and Allie took me to the Antioch Inn for dinner and a whole birthday cake complete with candles! What fun.

And I must tell you about Mary's birthday card. On a piece of paper she pasted a small green new leaf and a big red leaf (from a Crimson King maple tree) with this poem:

"New leaves are pale, just nothing to see....  
The colorful stage is maturity!"

I did get a kick out of that!

Well, enough of birthdays...on to other things. We've just had a delightful week with Mike and Petsy. They arrived at 1:30 am Monday July 30



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and left at 10:30 am Sunday August 5--a fine full week ~~was~~ here. Actually we had quite a wait for them as we expected them Friday or Saturday and Aunt Mary had come over for the weekend to join the fun. She came Friday evening with Joe and we all had a fine weekend, though I was sorry she missed seeing Mike and Petsy. I mean, I'm sorry she missed a big weekend with them--she did see them late Sunday night and then Monday morning before she and Joe went back to work at noon. And as it turned out we had quite a weekend anyway and I was glad she was here as it made waiting less tedious--especially for Alice who was about fit to be tied.

We had a busy week during the evenings and a relaxing week during the days and somehow managed to see eight boxes of slides--only half the ~~total~~ total! Well, they have some beautiful pictures and I'm sure you will be seeing them soon. Also, I will let them tell you what they did ~~at~~ here--if they forget, remind them to tell you about Alice giving out the ribbons at the horse show! Also, about Alice and her suitcase. Alice really loves her Aunt Petsy and Uncle Mike!

The next big item on the agenda here is the building of a garage--to commence within the next couple of weeks! The contractor gave us us estimate Monday, and Joe is going to tell him "OK" tomorrow or the next day--so I guess



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we are all set. It will be fun to have a little building going on around here and we certainly can use the extra space. We'll also have the extra bathroom finished at the same time--that I am looking forward to.

The Recreation Advisory Board advises Village Council on matters pertaining to recreational activities in the town. Currently we are working on a program, including a recreation director, to be supported by a tax levy. We hope to get the levy on the ballot in November and in connection with this we have had to draw up specific plans and costs. Interesting. In the midst of all this we got into a discussion of WHY recreation was a good idea--brought up mostly by me as I had been unconvinced that so much organization was necessary. (No one organized me when I was little, etc etc). Well we had quite a discussion and when I got home I got carried away and wrote a peice--being the secretary I simply included my thoughts in the minutes of the meeting (casey, eh what?) and when I read them at the next meeting there was an impressed silence. "Well, we thought you were unconvinced", they said. Deciding if I could so convince myself, I could convince others, so copies were made of my peice ~~of~~ for circulation--and here it is for your edification!

Oh, I must stop. I am stuck to the chair, and bleary eyed to boot.. More later. Thank you

*both again for every thing —*



With very much love to my  
dear parents —

Ellen

Kertie has been running around  
today saying "Mam - my"



Please bring to July 25<sup>th</sup>  
meeting. We hope to polish  
off "Facilities" and discuss  
"Operating". Thanks to Nell  
for the notes. *Body*

Recreation Advisory Board  
July 1962

From the minutes of the Recreation Advisory Board, June 27,  
1962:

The meeting was devoted to a discussion of the philosophy of recreation in order to be able to present to the people of Yellow Springs a coherent and convincing plan worthy of their support.

Health--no one can deny in this sedentary age the need for vigorous and systematic exercise among our young people. (And older people!) The Day of the Automobile and the Television Set is taking its toll in the health and physical well being of our citizenry. The widespread concern in this area is evident in the numerous articles and books on the subject of physical fitness which constantly come to our attention. In this sense we have an OBLIGATION to our children to provide an adequate recreational program.

Continuity--only through an organized program can we expect to provide the year after year continuity necessary to the development and perfection of skills. Our current swim program already attests to this.

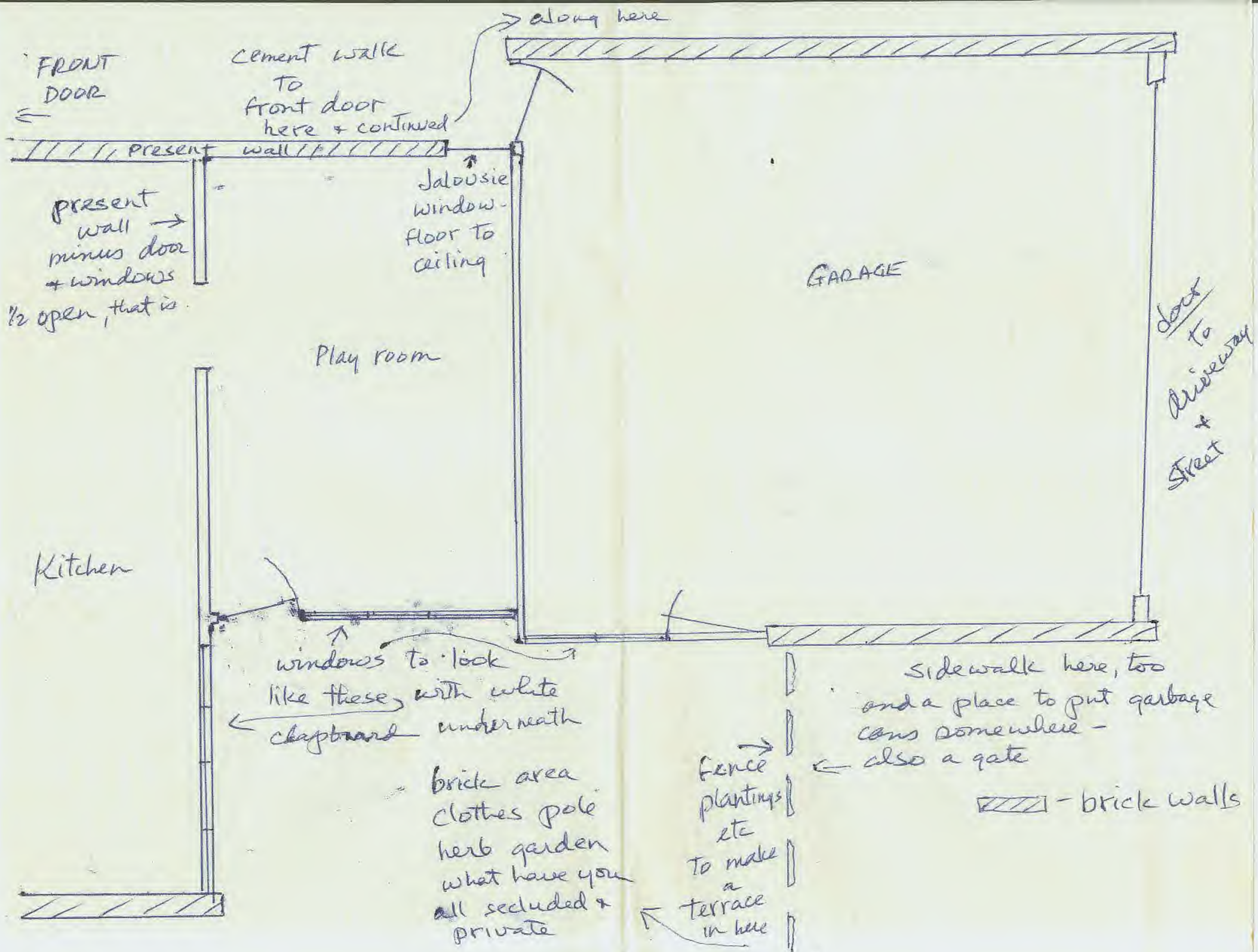
Availability--through an organized recreation program on a community wide basis, many activities can be available to any child. Just because George's parents cannot afford to build a tennis court in their backyard is no reason why George should not learn how to play tennis.

Diversity--A community sponsored program provides opportunity for a greater variety of activities. Both our swim program and the Little Leagues have been a great success; however, it doesn't seem reasonable to give our children ONLY the choices of being good swimmers or good ball players.

Leadership--a recreation program through its director will provide the leadership needed by young people in these activities. A director will provide the continuity for the program which in turn will act as a stimulus to interest more and more children.

Intangibles--in addition to the obvious physical merits of such a program, there are the subtler aspects such as the development of sportsmanship, cooperativeness and teamwork which should not be overlooked. Also, a word must be said for wintertime activities when it is so easy to stay indoors and pale away until spring. A year round recreation program would fill the need to be out of doors, to relax from school routines and as a release from February Tension. Physical fitness is a year round proposition.







Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.  
440 Fairfield Pike  
Yellow Springs, Ohio



Mr + Mrs Hugh M. Quigley  
536 N. Wilson Street  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania

K









Tuesday, April 3  
1:09pm, by my new watch

Dear Daddy and Mummie,

Home again--and the laundry's all done and hanging outside on the line. I'll bet yours is, too, Mummie. Good day for it.

Well, it was a lovely, lovely visit in every respect and I thank you both again for everything. I didn't see you again after the airplane went to the end of the runway. I could see the little ~~XXXXXX~~ building out of the opposite window only after we were too high to see you! We had a good flight to Pittsburgh, though VERY bumpy, but the scenery was so spectacular we hardly noticed the bumps. In Pittsburgh we had time to check in at TWA and go to the bathroom, and then we were off again. We had a good lunch on the plane, which was nice, and flew way above the clouds and bumps. We were back in our little home at 440 Fairfield Pike at about 2:30. Three daffodils and a flock of crocuses greeted us. But no cat. I wonder where he is.

The only thing I am sure that we forgot is the hanger from Joe's suitcase. It is a rather dumb thing to have to mail, so perhaps Mike and Petsy can bring it. Or we can get it next time. At any rate, Joe won't be needing it for awhile.

Kate seems to be happy enough to be home but Alice cried after she got in bed last night. She did have a wonderful time visiting her grandparents! And so did I, but I'm finally learning not to cry about such things!



\*\*\*\*    \*\*\*\*    \*\*\*\* a little later--3:10 by my new watch  
to be exact..

Beverly just dropped by to have a cup of tea with me. We had a pleasant chat and I finished the hemstitching on the one side and then decided to go on and do the other (as I was just sitting there with nothing else to do!) However, I am glad as I do like it better squared off.

Alice is now home from school and Katie awake from her nap so there may not be much more to this letter... actually, I shouldn't have too much to say, should I?

I think I will try to make some gingerbread as I seem to have some sour milk in the refrigerator--I spent quite a bit of time going through the cookbook to see what one makes with sour milk, and gingerbread was the only thing I found that I thought the family would eat.

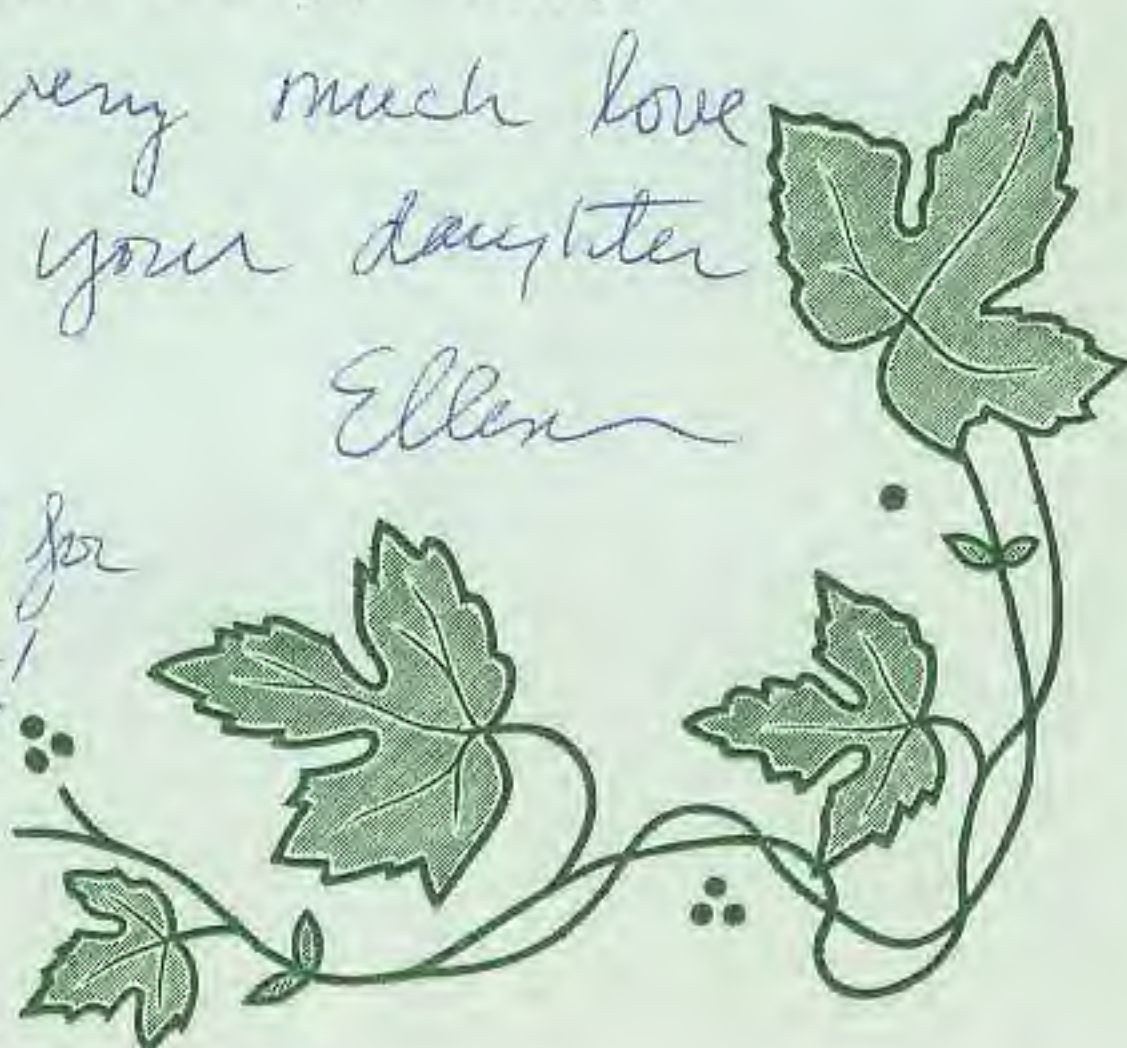
I hope you both have a pleasant visit with the Gastss and we'll be thinking about you next Sunday or Monday--Murmie getting on the bus for NY, and Daddy having to be a bachelor for awhile! Have fun.

And thank you again for the watch, Daddy, and for all the good meals and your hospitality, Ma....

*With very much love  
from your daughter*

*Ellen*

*Also, I thank Maxine (?) for  
all the baby equipment!*





Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.  
440 Fairfield Pike  
Yellow Springs, Ohio



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Belleville  
Pennsylvania

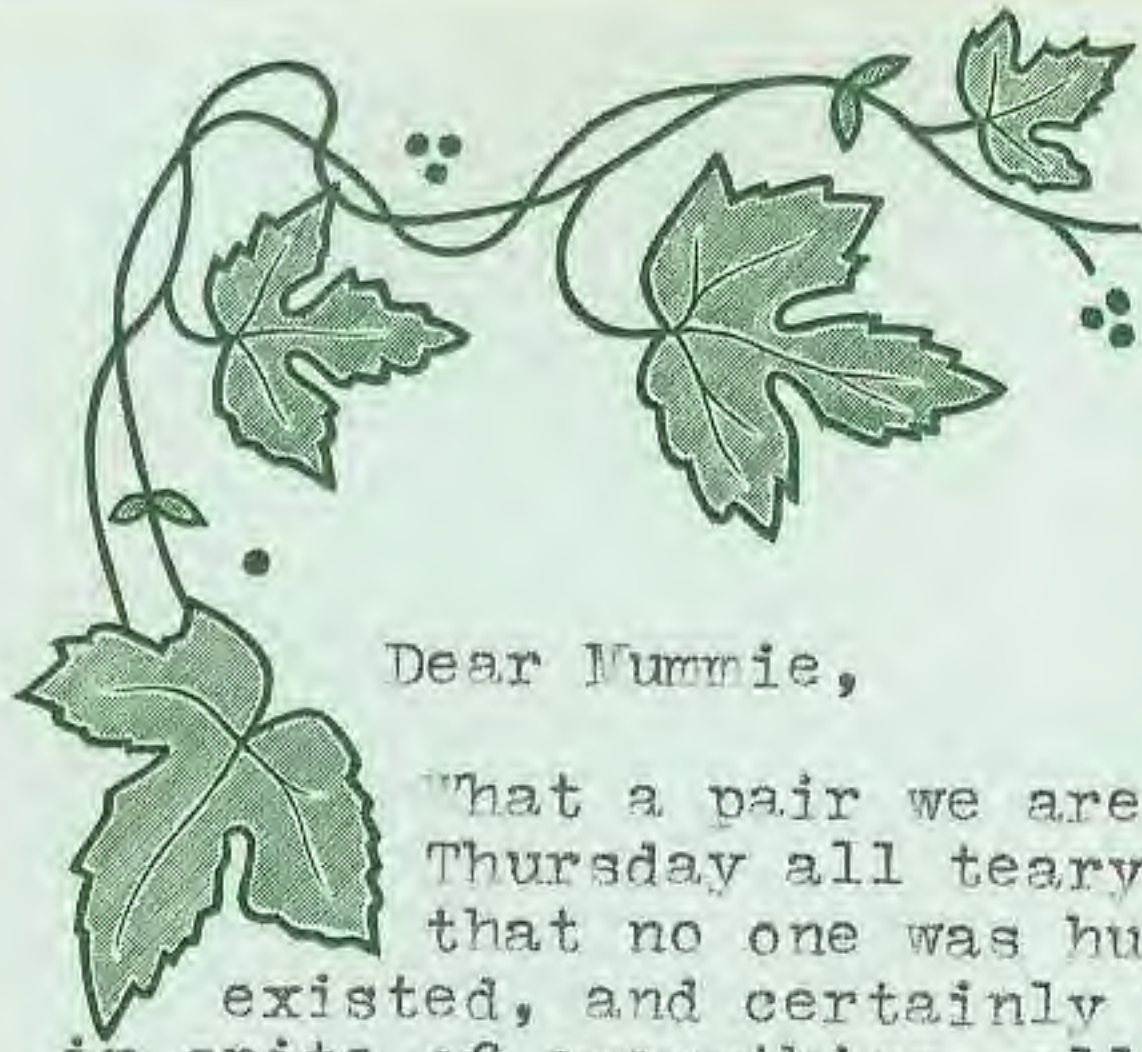
K.

Area  
Mar 4



well, of course, I was right  
there in June!





Tuesday, Feb 27

Dear Mummie,

What a pair we are! I, too, spent most of Thursday all teary-eyed; in spite of the fact that no one was hurt or in danger, no emergencies existed, and certainly I knew I could go another time, in spite of everything, all day long (and it was a long day as Joe didn't come home for supper) everytime I thought of where I might have been (at your house, that is) I felt dreadfully sad. Oh I had been looking forward to that trip for so long--even longer than you or Joe realized because I had it in the back of my mind just after Christmas when I got the new calendar and discovered Alice had no school those two days!

And, you know, the implications of the bad weather never really penetrated me as the weather here was never really bad. It wasn't til I got your letter yesterday that I fully realized what you had been through. But for myself I never once was concerned with the weather, it was the blasted engine on the plane that goofed us. And when the fog finally closed in Joe kept saying how lucky I was that the engine held us up so that we didn't take off in time, so that we didn't get stranded in Pittsburgh. He said that once too often and I got mad (!) and said I didn't feel lucky at all as I felt perfectly competent to spend the night in a Pittsburgh hotel with my two sweet babies and go on, happily to Bellefonte next day. (And I would have, too.)

Well, Wednesday was a strange day. Alice had a slight fever and I took her to the doctor for advice. It wasn't chicken pox (as Alice says) or measles and he saw no reason why I shouldn't go. So I decided I would go, even if it meant Alice might not be up to snuff a couple days



So I bought some medicine for her and charged happily home to pack. Alicenapped, and when she woke up about one seemed droopier than ~~xxxx~~ before, and I started to agonize about whether I was doing the right thing. I paced around in my usual undecided fashion, getting nowhere, and finally decided I would just ask my mommy what to do (I haven't the foggiest notion of what I expected you to say!). When you weren't home I felt I had to say something definite to the girl so I said we were coming. Then I came in the living room to Alice who said weakly "What did you 'cide?" "We're going I said, whereupon Alice chirped up no end and was chirpy for the rest of the day.

A great ~~xxxxxx~~ hustle of activity and by a quarter to three everyone and everything was in the car and we were happily on our way to Dayton. We picked up Joe and sped merrily on to the airport, me without a care in the world--MY work had been done. It had started to drizzle slightly when we got to the airport but planes ~~xx~~ were coming and going. No dire thoughts entered our minds. The red carpet is rolled out for a woman and two small children, stroller for the baby, a phone call to the stewardess on the plane to reserve seats, kiss Joe goodby, a young man carries the baby up the gangplank, ggodby, goodby, we're off. Well, we're off down the ~~xxxxxxx~~ runway. We readjust the seatbelts, we look into the ashtrays, we play with Katie, we get a junior hostess pin from the stewardess, we are all very patient and happy (Really, Alice and Katie were both wonderful--makes mama feel good and also feel sorry for another woman with three children running up and down the aisles) The motors roar, what a noise, and cough "Mummie, what's that noise" and back to the ramp we go. Engine #4 not working. A great deal of noise, engine fixed. Back we go to the runway. "This is your pilot. The engine is now alright but in the meantime the ceiling has descended to below the legal limit for taking off." We wait. Ceiling doesn't budge. We return to the ramp. We had been on the plane an hour and a hlf, I couldn't believe it, forty five minutes at the most, I thought.



Well, that was exciting while it lasted! Joe had waited for the plane to take off, fortunatley, and so was there when we disembarked. We conferred with the harried officials--I was amazed at what chaos had been wrought in such a short time, hundreds of grounded passengers seeking solutions to their problems--we simply cancelled out, had a good dinner and came home, still somewhat bouyed up by all the excitement--it wasn't till next day that reality came upon me!

Gadfry, what a lot of words--I didn't mean to get so long-winded (but you did say "tell me everything"! ) And before I go on I will tell you what we decided last night--we decided to come the last week in March! Never say die. Alice and Kate and I will come, probably the same plane schedule, on Tuesday and then Joe, who will be in Iowa at the time, will just fly on to Pittsburgh and thence to Moshanon sometime Thursday and we'll all leave together on Sunday. Well, we haven't figured out the details but something like that might work out very well. Joe left for St. Louis this morning and won't be back til Friday. So more about this later, but it would be all right for you and me to begin to get a little bit excited again, wouldn't it ? !!!

I'm getting tired of typing (you know it must be tiring for me as I do such a lovely job) but I must tell you about the ice storm we had Friday night--I don't remember ever seeing anything like it. It rained and froze all afternoon and evening, though it never got cold enough for the streets to get slippery (so I didn't have to worry about Joe coming home from work) And the ice built up on the bushes, trees and wires, amazing just amazing. The trees drooped lower and lower, the bushes sagged down, the world simply glistened, and the trees continued to get lower, the sycamore in the back touched the ground, the screwy willow slashed back and forth, laden, in the wind until it too touched the ground and froze tight. the Chinese elms arched over, Mary's birch, all the bushes oh what a sight. And branches from the catalpas came crashing down at regular intervals--oh what a sound. We all raced from window to window, marvelling--it was beau-



tiful and grotesque. And the amazing thing was it didn't melt at all the next day--what a funny world it was.

But Sunday at noon the ~~X~~ melting started. Ice crashing down continuously, at first tinkling like glass but as the day wore on it began to sound more soggy. And bit by bit the trees and bushes came up until by five o'clock everything was as straight as it ever had been! Of course, a lot of people did suffer considerable tree damage, but we were fortunate in that nothing broke except the catalpas and they needed to be pruned anyway. The Coopers did have one disaster--a big piece of ice fell off their chimney and crashed through one of the skylights splattering slivers of glass and ice all over the house.

Alice is home from school and feeling talkative so I must stop. I hope you and Daddy are both recovered, well and happy, as are all of us. And we'll all look forward to the end of March!

*With very much love -*

*Ellen*





K. Mrs H. M. Quigley  
536 N. Wilson Street  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania

Ans.



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio







Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

October 9

Dear Mummie,

Thank you very much for the clipping about Aunt Heinie. I think it is a very nicely written article--impressive, and I'm so glad to have it. Also I thank you for the collection of pictures. Alice was most pleased by hers ~~and~~ as was I by mine. I do think I will try to get the one of all the grandparents enlarged so that I can cut each face out separately. It is such a good picture though I regret that Mother Quigley and your Daddy had their hats on!

The party sounded like quite an occasion--and Joe and I truly wished we could have been there. But we thought about you all anyway! We may have a football weekend ourselves--we're thinking of going to visit some friends at IU (Bloomington, Ind) the weekend of November 10, but haven't worked out the details as yet. (The details are Alice and Kate, whom we would not take!)

Kate had her small pox vaccination this morning, along with a physical check. Weighs 14 lbs, 4 ounces and is in fine health and spirits. Boy, she's cute and I do ~~wish~~ wish you could see her more often. She is such a pleasant little thing, so smiley and happy. Now she is beginning to reach for things everywhere--whenever you hold her she reaches for whatever is nearby so you have to watch ~~where~~ you sit or stand.



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

Alice is still enamored of school and apparently doing quite well, but her disposition as of the last three weeks has taken a turn to the worse. Most of the time she is her cheerful, talkative self, but when something goes wrong she bursts into tears. I mean wildly and then she goes roaring off to her room in a snit. And its never anything important--the part in her hair won't go right, or it's time for supper or some other rather ordinary thing. I had come to the conclusion ~~tht~~ she was tired from school--the teacher said she is very quiet there, and so I sort of imagine she is very serious and tries hard to do the right thing and by the time she gets home, she is all pent up and explodes at the first provocation. However, I ~~ex~~ mentioned it to Dr. Berley this morning and he thinks it is more likely the influence of Kate. Well, I don't know but I shall try paying less attention to Kate and more to Alice when she's around and see what that does.

Mary Cooper has contracted to make three hundred pencil jars for a man in Dayton and she has hired me to help her with decorating them. It is quite a job and we ususally work for an hour and a half or two right after lunch, but today there was nothing to do so here I am. She casts the jars in plaster molds, and when they're reasonably dry she smooths them off, then bisque fires them. Then I help with the decoration, which requires three steps, after which she glazes them and fires them again. Quite a project. But fun. Fun working with Mary, anyway!

With all this beautiful weather we have been spending



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

a lot of time in the yard. Joe has planted a sugar maple tree and an oak tree (more trees!) and I have been working on my flower beds. I have a new one over toward the Coopers--I moved the peonies from the front over there as they needed more room and then I moved the delphinium also--I divided my two plants into 4 <sup>pieces</sup> ~~pieces~~--I do hope at least half of them grow. There was a little more room so I divided the coral bells from the rockgarden and also moved a very pink pink which was right next to a very red rose. So my new garden is all pink and blue. And also all old stuff--that is I didn't have to buy anything for it--I guess that is a sign that ones yard is really getting established when you spend your time moving crowded things rather than buying new things!

I'm also hoping to make a pond. I've wanted for such a long time to put a pond in that place by the front door, but Joe hasn't been interested. So last week I spent a lot of time drawing pictures--I wanted to make an impressive presentation for my idea, which is to dig a hole, line it with plastic, put a few pretty rocks around, plant some plants and go to the glen for some water hyacinths and tadpoles and voila! a pool. (Oh, yes, put water in to!) Anyway, I did impress Joe and he agreed to make a practice pool in the vegetable garden. Which we did yesterday, with the help of Charley Clouser (sue was watching the ball game), and we were all getting excited about it--in fact, Joe was getting downright enthusiastic--it really looked quite nice even without the plants and the tadpoles. But alas alas when we got up this mornign it had leaked--it



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

was EMPTY! What a blow. Well, back to the drawing board!

We've cleaned out the planting boxes in the front hall--something we had planned to do this fall. We took out all the plants including the philodendron, washed the stones and repainted the trays--and the front hall looks absolutely naked. I'm really appalled at how empty the lack of plants make it--how one does get used to things. We're rooting the ends of the philodendron in water and will grow it back up the way it was, but we haven't decided what other types of plants to have.

Aunt Mary was over w eek ago Sunday--she came home with Joe after work Saturday and went back with him Monday morning. Though Sunday was the only rainy day we've had for weeks, we all had a pleasant time just potting around the house.

I went to Dayton for a full day of shopping and had quite a day--bought two pairs off shoes, a lovely tan and black wool ~~skirt~~ skirt with a rather dressy black sweater to go with it, and a gorgeous bright blue knit Italian dress with a green collar! Striking!

I was invited to a luncheon last week for a friend who used to live here, got all dressed up in my new clothes and went on my ~~bicycle~~ bicycle! Well, here comes Ally-pants home from school. She is going to make you a picture and I will go iron so she'll have a clean dress tomorrow.

*Much love To you & Daddy -*

*Ellen*



Alice

Hope

Mrs. W.

Jimmy Alice Bob John





Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.  
440 Fairfield Pike  
Yellow Springs, Ohio



K.

Mrs Hugh M Quigley  
536 North Wilson  
Bellefonte  
Pennsylvania









Tuesday

Dear Mummie,

Did Mrs. Mills tell you I called you last week? It was just a whim--I had just gotten your nice letter and just felt like talking! (just just) I was disappointed you weren't home--but amused too. It was the day we had Joe's office for dinner--and did I work. I cleaned the whole house as well as making all the food, potato salad, two pies, tossed salad, hamburger patties, etc etc I really had to keep moving all day. And I could see Barbara's cleaning lady next door, and I knew that was the day Edy has her cleaning lady, and I was thinking I certainly could use some help. And then when I called you, and the cleaning lady answered, I had to laugh!

But the supper was a great success. Every body had a good time--including me. And Alice--she was in excellent spirits and charmed everyone.

Over the weekend we got a piano and we're all excited about it. Already I've gotten our money's worth out of it, and I don't even play! And Mike certainly was tickled--he played and played on Sunday and it sounded so good. Joe's going to have to work hard to catch up, but we all are going to have a wonderful time with it. Alice can just reach the keys and she likes it too!





Amos is in the hospital. Two weeks ago he went to the doctors about some trouble and they thought he had a tumor on his stomach. He went to the hospital and Friday underwent a five hour operation, and very sad to say, it was not a tumor but cancer. They removed 97% of his stomach, his spleen, prostate and some other things, and for 4 days it was doubtful he would live. I was so depressed all last week and Saturday Joe and I went over to see him. He was drinking iced tea, hopped out of bed to sit in a chair while we visited and seemed in pretty good spirits. I couldn't get over it. I don't know what the prognosis is, but already he has defied the doctors predictions so maybe he'll continue to do so. I just like to think he's going to come home and putter around in his yard again--I am so fond of him I can't bear to think otherwise. We couldn't think of what to take him, so we just took ourselves. He had so many flowers, among them a rosebush, a lovely pink one (Ma Perkins) which he insisted we bring home with us. What a turn of events--but I am most happy to have it. It is planted outside the dining room door.

Also, Joe's father is in the hospital. It is suspected that he has a lung cancer and he is having tests. Poor Marjory, she has had such a lot of trouble. And I feel so badly for Joe being so far away and not able to do much. Last night I told him we should go see Amos a lot and try to do things





for him that somebody else will do for his father. I don't know whether this works or not, but it's the only thing I can think of. I felt a little that way last night, too, when Joe is working late. John Lounsbury's mother lives with them and I guess it isn't too happy an arrangement. But she is a pianist, and they don't have a piano. So I asked her to come over last night and play awhile, and she certainly had a wonderful time. She really got lost in it and was singing and having a fine time. I couldn't help but think of Joe's mother, who plays very well and sings beautifully (Mrs. Lounsbury's singing voice leaves much to be desired!)(But her playing is quite enjoyable)

Well now Alice is waking up, but maybe that's just as well, as I don't want to get too philosophical in this vein as I don't know too much about what I'm talking. It is a sad thing, but inevitable, and one can emphasize the bright side, and should, rather than just thinking about how sad it is all the time. Joe is better adjusted to inevitability of age than I am.

Alice is screaming.

Much love to all.

We are looking forward to Aunt Heinie this weekend and Michigan next week.

with love, Ellen





Mrs. H. M. Quigley  
536 North Wilson  
Bellefonte  
Pennsylvania

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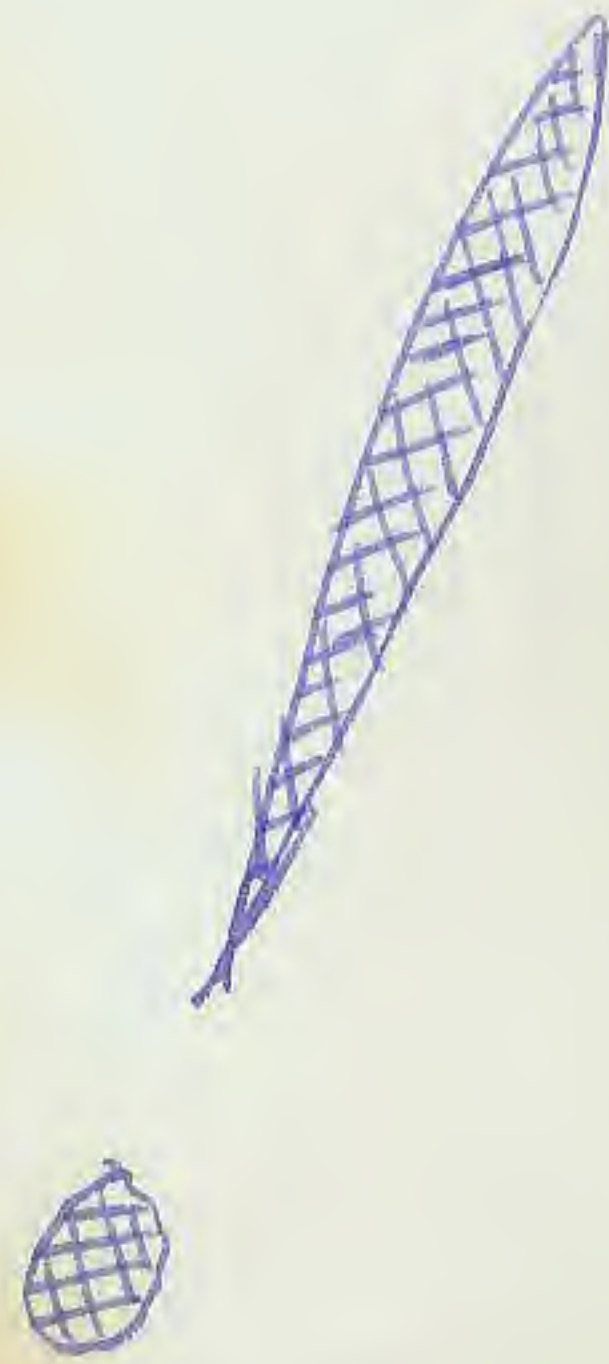
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Mr + Mrs Hugh M. Quigley  
536 N. Wilson

Belleville

Pennsylvania

K.



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

January 2  
dearest Parents -

I am still in a pleasant warm glow from our wonderful Christmas, and I expect it will last well into the New Year. It resulted in so many nice things to think about and so many pretty things to look at. And all four of you are excellent guests. I feel very proud, happy and honored to have such a family and ~~to~~ <sup>and</sup> to have been able to "do the honors". And, Daddy, I truly enjoyed all the 19-hours a-day in the kitchen!

Everywhere I look I am reminded of the fun we had - the wreath you two hung on the door; Mummy's towels still in the bathroom [Barbara thinks I am dis-



gustingly sentimental], the Tree, still re-  
splendent and beautiful; Daddy's  
calendar; the Paul lid - which I finally sent  
off to you today; the playing cards still  
on the table by the couch [I haven't been  
rushing around cleaning up!] and all  
the lovely presents everywhere - To  
say nothing of Mike's many pictures!

I feel perhaps I didn't thank everyone  
enough for all my presents - It really  
wasn't until everything died down that  
I paid much attention to them - For the  
first time in 31 years I was more interested  
in feeding people & making them happy than  
in what I got - maybe that's why I ~~was~~  
had such a good Christmas!

First of all let me say the beautiful  
brass tray is hanging permanently and  
happily on the wood wall next to the  
fireplace! We put it there several  
days after you left and were quite  
excited about it. It is just the place



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.

440 FAIRFIELD PIKE

YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

for it - it's out further and catches  
the light better, and we've always  
thought that wall looked most bare.  
The fireplace wall is broken by the rows  
of brick and it's warmer ~~the~~ color  
keeps it from being too bare. The tray  
on the other wall pulls the curtains  
and the fossils - the whole end of the  
room - together. It is a lovely thing.

The fruit cake is one of the best  
we've ever had and we're still enjoying  
it. And I'm so tickled with the box it  
came in. I realize now how much food  
you left here - the cheese, the peanut butter  
goodness! Also, mamma, having the napkin  
rings more than makes up for the ~~loss~~ <sup>loss</sup> of  
the other silver, so don't worry! You know  
I have coveted the ring these many years!



And so many things - the jewelled comb  
and the pretty handkerchiefs - goodness again!

Alice is still mad~~er~~ for her "two  
babies" and is so cute with them. Some  
times when I go in at night to tuck her  
in I can barely find her amidst all her  
little family. And she is going to have their  
clothes worn out with putting them on and  
off! The other day someone was here to  
whom I was talking about the talking bear  
and I repeated its little spiel - I looked at  
Alice & she was grinning all over. She still  
carries him around & pretends to wind the  
candle.

Of course she still talks about  
you both, mentions things you said or did.  
And also Remus - for several days she  
looked for him around the house. I had  
to laugh at Bewick - after you left I  
let him in - he stalled through the  
kitchen as usual, then relaxed a bit  
and came in the living room & batted at



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

the tree ornaments awhile. Finally he went into the front room, his old favorite place, and curled up on Mike's bed for a good snooze!

Today when I was getting Alice ready for the nap, I had her on the bathroom sink. She looked in the mirror and said "my red cheeks" and then, "Grandma has got one too." [Red cheeks, I guess!]

After you left Saturday morning I did a little laundry and then slept most of the afternoon [I don't know who I'd be kidding if I said I ~~wasn't~~ wasn't tired!] But Sunday I was really very sad all day - It's such a pretty thing have to end! I was sad again yesterday [Wednesday] because it snowed hard and was such a beautiful Christmas day - a week late!



We stayed home New Year's Eve -  
had a fire in the fireplace + only  
candles + the tree light for illumination.  
It is just beautiful in here. The Powers  
and the Wheelers ~~do~~ dropped in, and  
later the Cases, and we all had a  
most pleasant time. The next day  
we had dinner at the Viemiesters which  
was also nice.

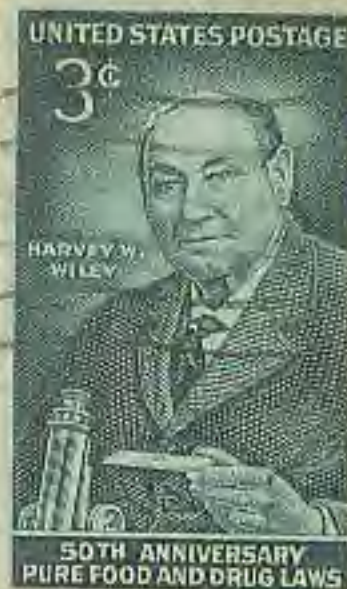
But today I guess I must face  
the fact that the holiday - the glorious  
holiday is over! It was truly wonderful  
and I thank you both again + again  
for making it so.

With very much love,

Ellen



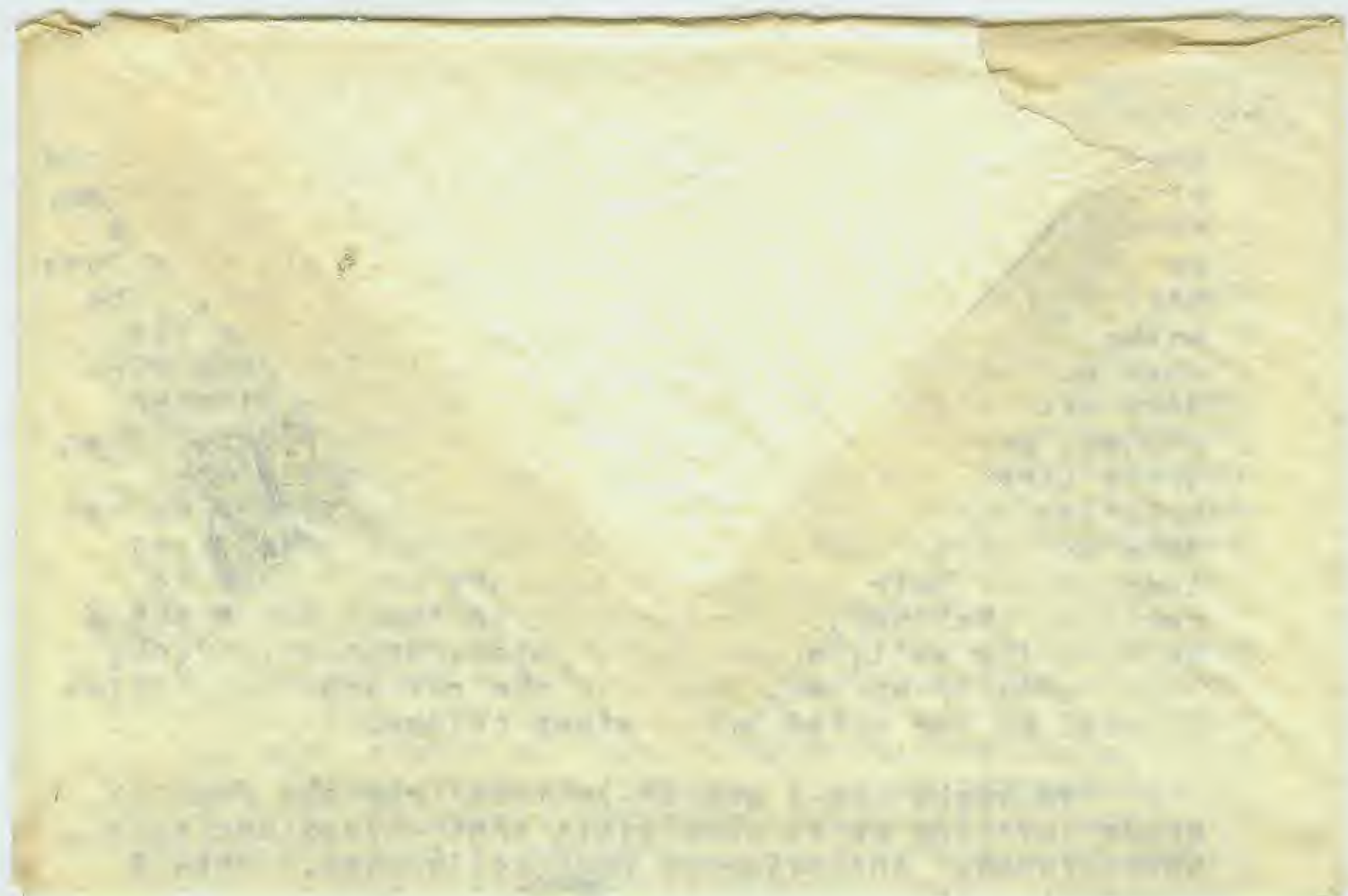
Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.  
440 Fairfield Pike  
Yellow Springs, Ohio



Mrs. Hugh M. Dugley  
536 N. Wilson St  
Bellevue  
Pennsylvania

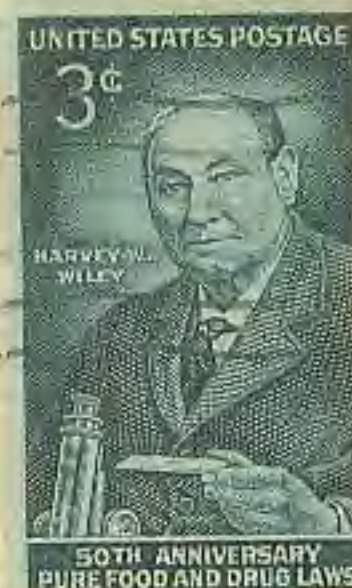
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Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.  
440 Fairfield Pike  
Yellow Springs, Ohio



Mrs. Hugh M. Dugley  
536 N. Wilson St  
Bellevue  
Pennsylvania

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Thursday

Dear Mother Mine,

I'm going to have to get back into some sort of letter writing schedule, because not only can I not remember when I last wrote to you, but neither can I remember what I said! All I know for sure is that I wrote to someone on this paper and found it entirely unsatisfactory! (But I just can't throw it away!)

Life has been bubbling happily along. I'm getting a little more involved in the Girl Scouts--Joe will be upset tonight when he gets home and I tell him I'm going out in the woods next Wednesday to help show new leaders how to build fires. He thinks they are always "roping me into something"--and I can't seem to make him realize that I ENJOY it. The odd thing is that I seem to enjoy it even more now that I have Alice to look after. This realization came as rather a shock to me, but the truth of the matter is that ~~occasionally~~ occasionally I feel refurbished and refreshed if occasionally I have a chance to be away from her for several hours. She is so intense and busy ALL the time!

Her latest trick is blowing into ashtrays--isn't that cute! This morning she did it particularly vigorously and the ashes went into her eyes. I felt sorry for her but couldn't help wishing she were old enough to understand "I told you so"! But really she is getting so smart. One morning when I was fooling around instead of getting her breakfast, she went to the drawer, got out her cup and bowl and brought them to me. When she wants to play the piano, she pushes the highchair in front of it and stands there pointing and saying "uh". When she wants to get out she stands in front of the door and says "uh". When I go over to the Case's to bring her home, she flings herself on the floor and screams. (That's charming) She hugs the kitties and pets



Thursday

Dear Mother,

I'm going to have to get back into some sort of letter writing schedule, because not only can I not remember when I last wrote to you, but neither can I remember what I said! All I know for sure is that I wrote to someone on this paper and found it really unsatisfactory! But I just can't throw it away!

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Her latest trick is showing into Saturday--Jan's that cute! This morning she hid it particularly vigorously and the ashes were into her eyes. I felt sorry for her but couldn't help wishing she were old enough to understand "I told you so" really she is getting so smart. One morning when I was feeling around instead of getting her out of bed, she went to the drawer, got out her cup and bowl and brought them to me. When she wants to play the piano, she pushes the highchair in front of it and stands there pointing and saying "uh". When she wants to rest out she stands in front of the door and says "uh". When I go over to the Case's to bring her home, she flings herself on the floor and screams. (That's charming!) She hugs the kitties and pets



them and then throws them on the floor when she's tired of them. While she's still in her table eating supper, the front door opens and she says "Daddy". She hits me and says "mummy". She goes to our closet, gets Joe's slippers and walks all around the house in them. She washes the bathroom floor with a washcloth, the kitchen cupboards with a sponge and the living room windows with a dirty kleenex. She goes to the kitchen closet, gets out the broom and sweeps the floor. When she's tired sweeping, she sits down and pulls the bristles out of the broom. She puts her finger up her nose and says "noo", in her eye and says "eye", and then on her hair and just grins--she can't seem to remember that word. In addition to these words she says fairly well, shoe, sock, juice, cracker, clock, book, and, of course, Bee, for the cat and the kitties as well as for a few dozen other things.

Two weeks ago I got 27 letters from the fourth grade inviting me to come visit their class and talk about rocks. And bring my rock collection. This I did last week, and though I was a little bit nervous, I really enjoyed it very much. I guess they enjoyed it too, as yesterday I got 27 letters thanking me for coming!

I keep wondering where Henry and Mike are right now--I hope they are having a good time. I can hardly wait until they get back so that I can hear all about it! The Buergers left last week for England. Did I tell you Herb applied for 2 years overseas duty. It should be an interesting experience for them all.

Your trip to Allentown sounded wonderful. The Delft ware for Joe arrived in good shape and we both liked it very much. Speaking of trips, when are you coming out again? Mike and Joe and I were talking about how nice it would be if you and Daddy and Henry could come here for Tanksgiving.\* Could you, or does that run into the hunting season? Maybe before you could come.

\* we were mainly with very much love  
thinking of you all coming sometime  
before Mike left so we could have a last Ellen  
big thing at the officers club!







In a box of tulips  
1958

dear Mummy -

Happy Mother's Day!

I do hope these arrive in  
good shape - anyway, I  
always think of you when  
I look at them in my garden.  
In fact, everything that thrives  
and grows beautifully in my  
garden makes me think of  
you. That's one reason I love  
the garden so - your daughter  
Ellen









Mrs. H. M. Dingley  
536 N. Wilson St  
Bellefonte  
Pennsylvania

A



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio







Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

Tuesday, April 11

Dear Mummie,

Your plans suit us all just fine--and we're all getting very excited! It's too bad your plans with Kitten had to change but that will probably work out too, though you will no doubt be more anxious to go home to Pop than out to Kitten's after the shindig here. You take whatever plane suits you best to get here on either Monday or Tuesday and one or all of us will meet you with bells on.

I have arranged with my new clening woman to come several hours a day after the baby comes, and I think that will work out well. She has been here Thursday for the last 2 or 3 weeks, is a hard worker, not too talkative, and in another 2 weeks should know the routine well. I might say that the only objection I have to her is that she looks a fright--that gave me pause when I first met her, but I've convinced myself that looks aren't everything. She has long black hair which she apparently never combs and I'm just waiting for the day when Alice says "but Mummie, why do I have to comb my hair." Outside of that, Mrs. Peterson wears old clothes, which is all right, and I have no reason to think that she is not clean.



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

It's just her hair, really.

And now that I have an automatic washer (and not down in the foundry basement) the washing is really no problem, so I really don't think we'll have much trouble. I've been stocking up on staple supplies and food--we can just hole in and have a fine time. About the nursing, I just decided I want to do it, but have no idea whether it will work out. Knowing that Dr. Berley isn't too keen on such things, I waited until I saw Dr. Hyde and he said "Oh, all right" and gave me a tube of cream to rub on everyday so that I would be tough and ready when the time came! Funny!

Outside of the fact that my insides are sore from the thrashing around and that I get tired, I feel fine and all goes well. The baby's head is not "engaged in the pelvis" yet so I can expect more thrashing (I do love the terminology--last time I saw Berley, he said it was a small baby and I should have no trouble passing it--egad.)

I had my last scout meeting two weeks ago, last day at the museum about a week and a half ago and I'm beginning to feel unburdened and free as a bird.

Sunday was a rainy day and Joe spent the afternoon extending the counter in the bath-



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

room to be used in lieu of a bathinette for dressing and bathing and I spent the time converting one of Aunt Heinie's linen sheets into two fitted sheets for the small crib. And Alice spent the time making steps for her little bears house. This I couldn't possibly describe, but its most ingenious and I can only hope will still be around when you arrive!

She really is getting excited and with all the activity Sunday wanted to know if the baby were coming Monday. I bought her a baby doll for her birthday, she hardly needs a doll (though she dearly loves them) but she doesn't have any baby dolls and I thought maybe one that wets its diapers etc might keep her busy at crucial moments--we'll see.

Her Easter dress is completely successful--all the grown-ups think it is out of this world and Alice evidently loves it as she has worn it almost everyday since. It is jus' beautiful on her. And I love the nightie too. Alice ~~says~~ took one look at it and said "That's to wear after the baby comes" Boy oh boy if it doesn't warm up pretty soon I'll still be wearing my flannel tent! And Joe likes his candy too--thank you for everything.

And thank you, Daddy, again for sending the copy of Mike's letter. That is so exciting and I can hardly wait to meet Petsy, see the house



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

and talk to Mike and everyone else! Wow what a time for the Quigley family these days--what'll we do for excitement the rest of the year!

Only two more weeks until you will be here--the time will go fast but even so I can hardly wait. I guess I'd better go wash the dishes before I get carried away on a wave of ecstasy here..!

With very much love To  
both you + grandpop!

Ellen





Mrs. Hugh P. Quigley  
526 North Wilson Street  
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania

*Handwritten mark, possibly initials.*



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio







Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

Thursday

Dear Mummie,

Happy Mother's Day!! Oh happy day,  
Mother! Happy every day and happy every mother!  
Here is a little bunch of violets for you, a very  
small thing to carry a very great love.

We enjoyed your St. L. epistle immensely--  
really a wonderful letter and, of course, parts  
of it had us both in stitches. The garden tour  
sounded out of this owrld--I do think you were  
lucky to be there at just that time. And Kitten  
must be quite a character. I do wonder if she  
realizes that you have been there!! Needless to  
say I thought about you all the time and kept won-  
dering each moment what you were doing, so I was  
most happy to get such a complete account. And  
in spite of the bed (what a panic) I trust the train  
trip was comfortable.

Oh, I have missed you so much--and not  
only your help, but mostly your company. We DID  
have a tremendous visit, and I'll remember it in a  
special way all my life. It's almost enough to  
carry me away to having a baby every year--but  
don't panic--I won't !!! Katy-did ~~is~~ most assuredly  
continues to thrive--in fact, she has developed a  
double chin already! She has in a most general  
way settled down to a schedule--that is, I give her



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

a bath in the middle of the morning, whether she's awake or not, and then she sleeps most of the afternoon, and is hard to get along with evenings. However, the last two nights she has slept all night so I really don't care what she does evenings if it makes her sleep all night!

As for me, I went about my business the days after you left and by Friday night I was exhausted. However, Joe was home Saturday and Sunday and I got rested up again. This week I've taken things a little more slowly and tonight I feel almost my old self again. Joe was home yesterday too, and it being a wonderful day (the only one) we both worked outdoors all day. I have finally gotten my gardens in reasonable shape for the time being, and feel very satisfied.

Well, I'm disappointed in this letter, but this will have to be it for now. I had planned to write such a long one--and I'd spent the last two days mentally figuring what I would say. Then today after lunch when I was going to write it, I fell asleep, and slept until Alice got home. Even so I started writing at 4 and then Sue Clauser came so I quit. Then I started again after supper, after feeding Katy, giving Alice a bath, washing the dishes. Joe was at church (~~Assumption~~ Ascension--great scott, how is that spelled!) Now Katy is crying again for another bottle and I will have to say goodnight sweet Mama! And I'll hope to write you a better letter next week. In the meantime, give Daddy a



hug and a kiss for me, and thank you again for  
everything,

with very much love

Ellen





Mrs H M Quigley  
536 N. Wilson St  
Bellefonte

Pennsylvania

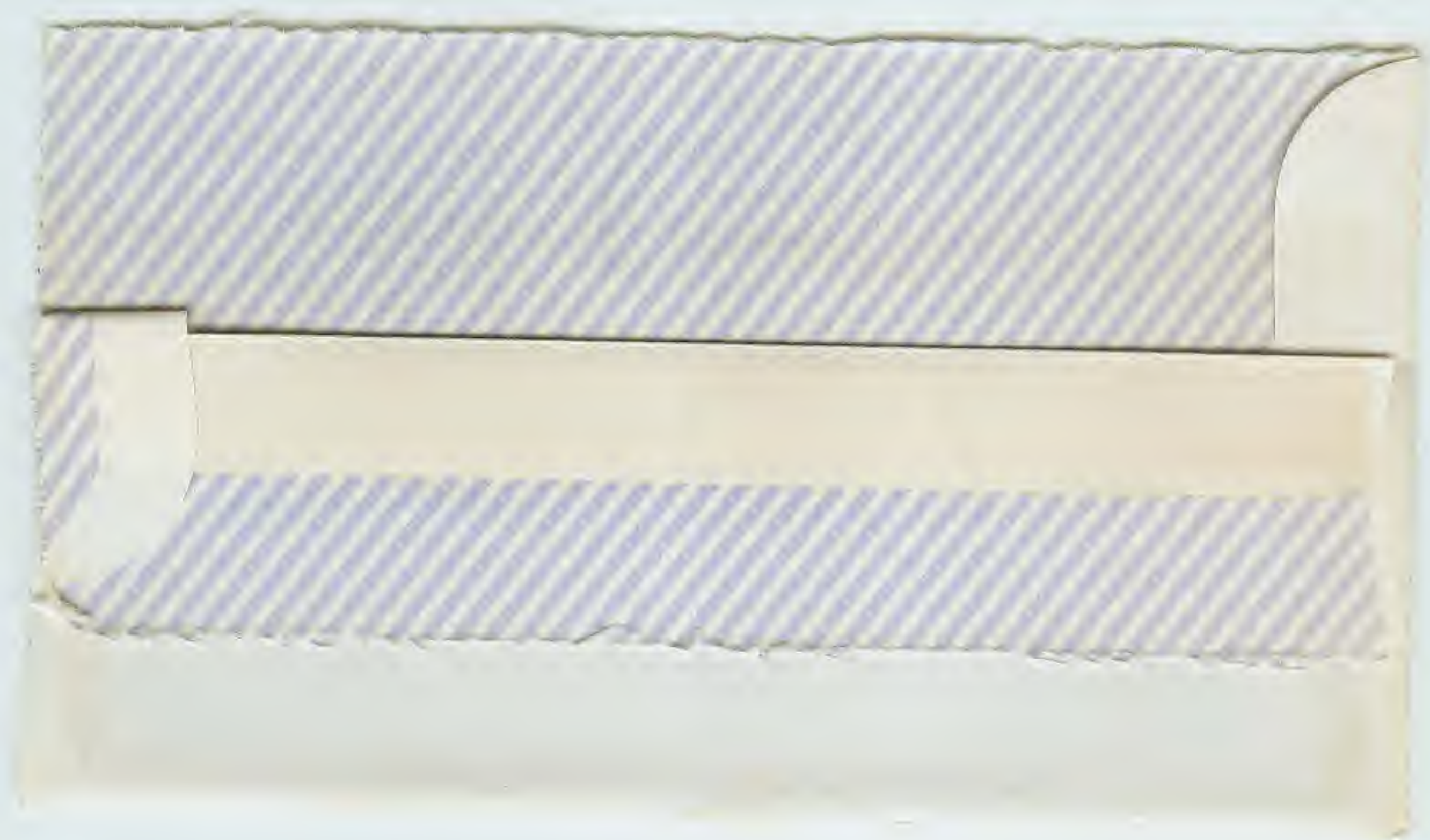
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Reply to Jan  
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*Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney*

*440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio*







Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

Sunday, February 5

Dear Mummie,

Thank you very much for your letter--  
I don't know how to say it, but it certainly made  
me feel better. I mean the main thing is not whether  
something exists or not, or whether it's important  
or not, but rather that someone else understands  
what you mean. And to think that I was almost  
afraid to open your letter! I had gotten so used  
to people misunderstanding what I meant, I guess,  
that I figured, well, here we go again. But your  
words were more than reassuring, and now that ~~I've~~  
I've begun to look at things in a different light,  
they really don't look so bad. Joe is actually  
very thoughtful and reasonable in his way most of  
the time (so don't be disappointed in him!) but as  
you say, it is in moments of stress that things go  
to pot--and I guess it is just unfortunate that we  
had moments of stress at the same time. He seems  
to feel better now and is away for a week. However  
we haven't had any heart to heart talks, and probably  
won't--HE feels better and I do my weeping alone!

Actually I can't think of any real reason  
why I weep so easily (and it's not like I'm in  
tears all the time) but I guess we can always blame  
it on my "delicate condition"! Poor old robust me.  
I go to the doctor tomorrow and I intend to insist  
that he tell me ~~about~~ about this blood pressure busi-



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

ness--after all, my BP is lower than Joe's, and I demand an explanation!

One other thing--I did think, when I was writing to you, that what I needed was God to talk to--I wanted you to know that I did think about it and also that I appreciated your not writing me a sermon. I do talk to someone--myself, God, the air, my subconscious, or something--but I realize anything more formal would have to come through conviction within myself, and I also realize it  $\nabla$  requires more effort than I've given it, that it doesn't just happen and somehow I just don't seem to have the push in that direction right now. Well, I don't want to get off on this right now, I just wanted you to know I thought about it.

Well, enough--now I'll write you a letter! In the meantime, thank you again.

*With much love*

*Ellen*



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

Monday evening

Dear Mummie,

When I discovered all this letter writing I had done would hardly fit in one envelope anyway, I decided I might as well keep this part out so I could say anything of interest the doctor might have to say. If anything.

And funny thing--he said almost exactly what you had said. Really I feel so wierd, but I'm awfully tired tonight and that's probably part of it. Well, anyway, I started to ask him about blood pressure and to tell me more about what Joe's trouble was so I would understand and then of course I started to cry. And then he said that that is the way that Joe reacts to stress (low BP etc), he sort of folds up, and that there was nothing I could do to change him, that I must learn to be sympathetic and understanding, to put my own feelings aside and build up his ego and self confidence--otherwise, the alternative, more stress and Joe gets more withdrawn and shows further symptoms of stress and as he put it "your marriage goes to pot". This didn't exactly cheer me up, more tears, and he went on to say that it was too bad, but I must learn to accept the fact that I was stronger, that marriage wasn't a 50/50 deal necessarily, and that it was up to me to keep things going. Then there were a lot of reasons why this was so, and why it was worth it and I must say I had to agree and I left feeling, if not cheered,



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

at least in better perspective--with a more calm and sober relationship to the universe, shall we say.

No doubt there will be times when I rebel against this all, because after all if Joe is what he is and no one can change him, then I too, am what I am (something no one has brought up)--but on the whole things will work out. I will try very hard to hold my tongue in times of stress (for Joe) and to help him all I can. But in times of unstress he will hear my hopes and fears and that is another thing you mentioned. And after all, though I may be sounding gloomy and dispirited now, I do remember that the better part of the last 11 years has been "unstress". What an expression! Well, a lot more was said and I can't remember it all--and after all this I have a splitting headache. Funny though Dr. Berley said about what you said, he was not nearly so consoling as you were--must be because he too is a man and I was suspicious!!

Well, I'll have a glass of sherry and go to bed. God, I am tired tonight.

By the way, I am in excellent health.

*Much love*

*Ellen*





Mrs Hugh M Quigley  
536 N. Wilson St  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania

see Feb. 7  
K.



*Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney*

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*440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio*







Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

January 19, 1961

Dear Mummie,

Well, I certainly didn't mean to have this much time pass before I wrote to you! And now I have accumulated so much to say--oh woe!

Briefly, I wrote all the thank vous, and then I spent a week being depressed and then this is the first day this week I've been home--and that only because it is snowing again!

We really did have a lovely Christmas, and just this morning I took down a wreath from the front room window that had been overlooked! I enjoyed using the needlepointed cigarette bag so much and get many compliments on it--which I herewith pass to you! The calendar arrived December 31 and was hung immediately. We think it is one of the prettiest. The food from the basket is fast disappearing--and is very good. I've worn Daddy's earrings quite often. They are just right. Thank you again so very much for everything.

My first project after Christmas was to alter nearly all my clothes. The skirts were too long and the slacks were both so floppy around the ankles--I slimmed them both about SIX inches. That changes fashion doth ~~xxx~~ wrought in 6 years. I now look pregnant and everyone thinks it's so-o-o nice, so wonderful, oh, I'm so happy for you. I'm happy too but I



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

do get a kick out of the way everyone is ~~so~~ so gooey, so cooey, over impending babies in this overcrowded world!

I laughed out loud at your comment about growing in leaps and bounds--because, like Alice was, this babe is always up to something, wiggling, squirming thumping, bumping and turning around. According to the flock of doctors I see--Dr. Berkeley and Dr. Hyde monthly and alternately, and the one at Fels, I am in excellent health and everything is going very well.

And now that Christmas is over and Alice is no longer preoccupied with Santa Claus, she is most interested in the baby. She wants to know if its kicking, how old she'll be when it comes out (that slays me), if it can sleep in her room--because there are already two people in our room and it just wouldn't be fair ~~for~~ for us to have three people when she only has one in her room. When I pointed out that it wasn't likely that the baby would be in her room because it would cry at night and keep her awake, she said "Oh, that's all right, I'll get up and find out what the baby wants and then come and tell you." Heinie sent a little nightgown and a blanket and I said "how nice, now he has something to wear" "Well, he can have ALL the things I used to have when I was a baby," says Alice. Also, she has taken a much greater interest in her dolls, I mean she works hard at taking care of them. She puts them to bed and washes their clothes --"Will you ~~xxx~~ iron these clothes, Murrrie, because I like to have my children looking neat." (And I do)



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

This is the paper Uncle Bo and Wimi sent me. I like it except that the bottom comes up so fast! Did I tell you Joe gave me a globe on a stand--something I have wanted for years. And Alice made us each presents at school--she was so very pleased with herself.

Aunt Mary is out of the hospital again and seems to be doing well. I was most surprised to have her and her friend George drop in unexpectedly last Sunday.

Tuesday morning I went to a meeting over in Dayton--I seem to be in charge of a tree planting project at the Girl Scout camp on April 8--hope I make it. Then I surprised Weedie by showing up for lunch and from thence I went over to the museum. I am going to work there two afternoons a week until April as I really enjoy it and things are going so well.

The reason I was depressed for awhile was partly post-Christmas, partly the way I am and partly because I came suddenly to a FACT, a truth, which has affected ~~and~~ my outlook on life. It was very trying while I was wrestling with it but now that I have come to the conclusions I feel relieved and quite happy. This is no doubt no news to you, and probably something you have even told me, but my conclusion is that in order to get along in this life one must stand on ones own feet and be independent emotionally from PEOPLE, ones husband, specifically. What I mean is, for 10 years I have had this romantic notion that husbands are to lean on, a pillar of strength to support and succour. And I always have operated with this in mind and always met with



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

disappointed. The times I have felt low down and discouraged and just needed to be reassured that the world is all right, that I am all right, etc....and found the only consolation I got was that I was being silly, selfish, etc etc etc. 'Usually true--but not what you like to hear if you know what I mean' Well I have had two things on my mind, not very big, but important to me--having a baby and moving to Dayton. In September Joe was understandably preoccupied with the Morris Bean thing and it was clear to me that my duty lay in putting my own thoughts aside and helping him think this through. In October He was busy with the community chest drive. Ditto. In November and December very busy at the store and ditto. By Christmas I had completely adjusted to the baby which is natural (Joe never once had a word to say about it) but the other thing had become an albatross. And so I got to looking forward to after Christmas--no more rush rush, a little time to ourselves, relax--and then I would lean on his shoulder, sigh and say oh Joe tell me everything is going to be wonderful. And as I was on the way down he got sick. And he's still sick. He's got low blood pressure--he's simply exhausted, can't sleep and is worried to death about himself. And when I look back I realize this always happens - when I think I've got problems, it turns out he has worse. This is to be expected because often these things are the result of tensions between the two people. Anyway, the conclusion I reached, not happily at first, was that it is I who must keep up the family morale. It is my job. Of the two, I am the stranger and that's all there is to it. I must not depend on him--and now that I am convinced that this is the way it is, I no longer resent



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

the implications, because I know I can do it, must do it. I have given up the notion that I need Joe to steer me through this perilous life--it is he that needs me. Odd. I always thought I was kind of dependent and wishy-washy. Well, wish me luck.

About Dayton, the subject hasn't come up, and I didn't get the chance to unburden my soul as it turned out. It had gotten to be such a big thing--I thought about it constantly before Christmas, dreamed about it--and I thought if I didn't have the chance to talk about it soon I would burst. But I didn't get the chance to talk I was looking forward to, so I worked on it myself after I went to bed at night--I have been sleeping in the front room so as not to disturb Joe--and of course I have come to the simple and obvious conclusion that there's no point in worrying about it until the time comes, and in the meantime enjoy life here.

Well this has been quite a monologue and I don't know whether I ought to bother sending it to you. It has gaps in it and probably sounds sophomoric "Poor Ellen will she never grow up". I surely could have used a good talk with you the last few weeks. But now (and I say this with a laugh) having decided to be independent and that I'll have to do all my own mental agonizing, I guess I don't need to talk to you either--except about fun things!

No time left to comment on your letter--except that I enjoyed it. But was very upset about the Shallecrosses.



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney

440 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio

Thank you for sending the address as I do want to write to Jane. Oh the poor girl. Ironically enough the news hit me at a strange time--about when I was thinking Joe could move to Dayton and I would stay here. It gave me quite a jolt as you can imagine. Well, enough, enough.

Oh, the pictures. The one in the tree was taken in Bryan Park at Thanksgiving. The other isn't very good but I wanted you to see how beautifull the dress is. I took more, in color, but it will be awhile until I have them.

With very much love

Ellen



Maloney  
106 Woodlawn  
Yellow Springs  
Ohio



Mr + Mrs H. M. Quigley  
536 North Wilson  
Belleville  
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R







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R





Wednesday

Dear Mummie and Daddy,

I'm so full of thinking about the house, I don't know whether I'll be able to think of anything else or not! I tried to get it out of my system by writing a page (in triplicate) about it first. I really think this is the most exciting thing that has ever happened to me!!

Well, I don't know, Alice is pretty exciting too, but she sort of crept up on me gradually! She is getting SO cute--I mean she has always been cute--but the last couple of weeks she has gotten so clever. At night when I put her to bed, she is so rambunctious. When she finally finishes her bottle--I say finally because she insists on playing, straddles up, rolls over, throws it out a few times, giggles, chortles and carries on--anyway, she does finish, then I put on her "sack" and put her on her tummy, she rolls over and giggles, I roll her over again, she looks up at me out of the corner of her eye, I say nighty-nite, and she says something that sounds EXACTLY like nighty nite! I guess I really should say she says nightey-nite. I must put this in the baby book! And Mummie, now that Joe is gone, she stays in the bedroom all night with me. And she doesn't smile and coo in the morning--she wails! What was the secret of your success?

Her cast was taken off last Wednesday and the foot looks perfect to me. The doctor sounded very much like this might be the end. I am to take her back in a month. I wouldn't be at all surprised if she started walking one of these days, she certainly gets around when she's holding on to things. I let her



rawl around the apartment more, and I think she has explored every nook and cranny. Her favorite "toy" is doors--she swings them back and forth and has a great time. One day she went into the bedroom, shut the door tight, and when I went to get her, she was way in the back of the closet trying to extricate a tennis racket. She looked so pleased with herself!

Joe is on his annual college recruiting trip. He is gone all last week, this, and next, but, of course, he is here weekends. It really works out pretty well, as I can sort stuff, pack stuff and not have to stop to get supper. Also, he's not here to say "why don't you throw that junk away"! After next week he's home for two weeks, and then gone for most of the two weeks following that. I figure then I can rearrange everything in the new house the way I wanted it in the first place! He rented a car for the trips and left the Plymouth here, and Mike left his VW here, too, so I have all sorts of transportation! (Needless to say I drive the VW constantly (Also, needless to say, I go down to the house every day!))

I guess I forgot to tell you I did look for that negative and couldn't find it. You two certainly have been busy. And thank you, Daddy, for the news about the Jamaicans--very interesting. Mrs. Denithorne's sweater came, and is very pretty--I really don't believe it will be too small (I haven't tried it on yet!) I was a little disappointed that it was white as all her sweaters except Martha's are white.

Last Saturday night we had a party to celebrate the completion of the tile table. It looks terrific. We invited the Wheelers and the Coopers as they were instrumental in helping it along one way or other. I made the ladies earrings from leftover tiles as favors! Joe thought that was silly, but they liked them. It was really a very gay party.

Well, except for the last page which I've already written, this will be all for now. I'm so excited I don't know when I'll write again! Think of us and many boxes & much confusion during the next week! Oh what fun it'll be! much, much love, Ellen



As I plan to write to the parents, and Heinie and Hank tonight; and as the house is about the only thing I can think about ~~write~~ right now, I'll just use Hanery's method and some carbon paper!

The house--oh, the house! What a thing of beauty--and a joy forever it will be! And it will be done by the time you get this letter. We'll probably start moving some things this weekend--the stuff in the cellar, and the things outside in the hall closet. Then next weekend, when Joe returns to stay for a spell we'll really move. Oh joy, Oh joy! Already I've started packing a few boxes, but I'm mostly concentrating on waxing furniture, etc.--we could hardly move our things into this bright, shiny new house and not have them all in A #1 condition!

The kitchen looks as wonderful as I had hoped. The brick red floors go perfectly with the brick walls, the dark grey formica and the light grey walls are set off nicely by the white cabinets, and the copper hood and light fixtures are a nice touch. By the way, the copper hood turns out to be copper colored and not really copper. I thought that was quite a gyp at first, but now I'm adjusted to it. And, Ma, it won't be as much trouble as yours! And Henry, at my insistence, they moved the cabinet over as you suggested. It looks fine. The birch panelling in the living room and the main hall are beautiful, actually quite elegant. The hanging light in the dining room, one that pulls up and down, I realize already should have been a little further out than it is, but we have to make some mistakes the first time, don't we?! The green paint in 2 of the bedrooms is sort of an icky color, but all the rest of the paint is perfect. The yellow bathroom tiles, and the yellow paint, which we picked out at 2 different places on 2 different days matches beautifully! Oh it is a beautiful house, and I can hardly wait for you all to see it. Its address is 440 Fairfield Pike in case anyone wants to write! (We got our new license plates--440 ST)





K. Mr + Mrs H. M. Quigley  
536 N. Wilson St  
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440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.  
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Monday November 2

Dear Mummie,

I certainly have been thinking of you--and hoping you were enjoying Williamsburg as much as I imagined you wou'd. I'm so anxious to hear about ~~it~~ it all. I wish you and I could go together to a place like that sometime.

We have all been very busy and very happy around here. Fall is such a wonderful time of year, I think--it ~~feels~~ fills me with a special verve and enthusiasm. It is such a shot in the arm after the lethargy of summer, and I feel mountainous ambitions!

Alice goes to Fels nursery school all morning every day of the week, last week, this and next. She truly loves it and is so very cute skipping out the door every morning and running in again at noon, glowing. She has been so delightful in many ways the last few weeks, and I really grieve that I can't capture for you in words ALICE--it is strange, no matter how cleverly she says something, how amazingly she does something, I am sure at the time I'll never forget it--but I do. I simply can't remember one thing right now!

Well now, that's silly--I'll put my mind to it and tell you about Hallowe'en, that being quite fresh in my mind. She watched some children going to the Gases for a masquerade party last Sunday and said "Mummy, I want to be a bunny for Hallowe'en



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That's not so clever, I realize, but I was amused at how specific and definite she was--and she stuck to it all week--in this way she is just like Joe and not at all like me. Tuesday I started on the bunny suit (old sheets) "Dear me, I said, I wonder if I should make paws on this or do you want to wear mittens." "I don't want anything on my hands, quoth she, or how could I get the candy." I planned to make a sort of hood type hat--with ears of course, and get her a mask, but she wanted the cloth over her face and eyes cut out--she knew just what she wanted, and so I did what she said and it turned out rather well, I must say! When I said she didn't need a mouth cut in it, she was horrified--but how could I EAT the candy she wailed.

She hovers around alot when I sew but is not at all in the way. She'll keep quiet when I show sign of becoming grim, and amuse herself with the buttons--which she always puts away. She often wants to sew too--I used to try to discourage it, but now I just give her a needle and thread and she happily sews buttons on ~~scraps~~ scraps--which she later cuts off and puts away.

Well anyway, she was most interested in the progress of the bunny suit (which became more of a project than I originally intended) and talked all week about being a bunny. Thursday she announced "First I am going to the Cooper's house, then the Hubbards, then the Cases and then the Youngs and then I'll come home." Joe and I were highly amused, ~~patted~~ patted her on the head and said of course she could, sure, of course, that when the time came, the dark night, the strange figures moving up and down the street, she wouldn't move out of the house.



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Friday night came, after supper "Well, I'm ready." We put on her bunny suit, gave her a paper bag. "Goodbye she said and out the door--she hesitated in the driveway, then plunged into the darkness in the direction of the Coopers. And she went exactly where she said she would, bobbing along, looking so cute and little--and so much like a bunny! After she ~~went~~ left the Coopers, (needless to say we watched out the window) Joe went out and lurked behind the trees to be sure she wouldn't fall in a bush, though she never saw him. I saw her when she came back through our yard to go to the Cases and Youngs, stopping now and then to straighten her ears--really she was a sight. And then she came home. She's been so happy with her bag of candy. She still has it, keeps it hidden in the dining room closet (I just discovered) and has a piece whenever she asks for it and is allowed. And a funny thing--she seems to know which candy came from where--she showed me a nut yesterday and said Mary gave it to her, and today she held up a caramal, "Do you know where I got this?" "No, where?" Grinning broadly, "You gave it to me!"

Reading over this seems rather uninspiring to me--but that is just what I mean, I just can't seem to convey the essence of Alice. (the essence of Alice, sounds like a new perfume!) But maybe, having so recently seen her, you can fill in the details with the E of A!

It seems as though I've been married to this typewriter the last few weeks--though it doesn't show up in an improved skill, or anything! The weekend after I was in Bellefonte, I told you I attended a day and a half Alumni meeting, at which



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I took notes. It took me until last Tuesday to get the minutes (ten pages) written up, and the only reason I finished then was because there was another meeting that night of the executive committee. More minutes. I had gotten all my thank you letters writ, and all the minutes writ, when I was asked to type envelopes in which to mail anti\*sewer propaganda to interested people. So I typed a stack of envelopes about a foot high.

A word about anti-sewer. The Village of Yellow Springs needs a larger sewer and the village fathers have decided the stream bed in the Glen would be a good place to put it. Needless to say, there are a lot of people, me included, who don't think much of this idea. The College has refused right of way, and the Village is making plans to go to court, and rumor has it the college will sue the village for damages and the whole thing looks like a colossal mess. Not much of which I understand.

Last night at 10:05 a spectacular thing happened here--we hung the first of four curtains in the living room!! We were so excited and impressed with the change even a fourth part of the job made in this room--and so relieved because we thought they looked beautiful. We have really stewed and sweated over the idea--it's rather unusual--and I could never really visualize how it would look. Now on to the rest--it is taking 34 yards, but they are "working up" quite well.

This fall is more beautiful than many I can remember. This town is full of maple and oaks--and they are magnificent. I was inspired to buy another



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color film--so more slides the next time I see you!

Rike's special Christmas discount week for employees starts Wednesday. Isn't that repulsive! Off I go Christmas shopping a'ready.

Sunday we started getting the tulip bulbs back in. I guess I told you I had taken them all out--and what millions we had! We put yellow and white ones by the east side of the house--it is going to be very pretty there, I think. Starting ~~at~~ at the front, a yellow ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~front~~ (Forsythia), under the windows, white candytuft (iberis) and daffodils, back where the brick begins, white and lavender lilacs, mock orange and under them the tubips.

My scout troop is working on the Child Care badge this fall--rather ironic I think, I work with the scouts to get away from everyday things, to do crafts or nature things, and what do they choose to do!

This letter is getting dreadfully long! I got Daddy's picture and thought them very good. Thank you, papa. Some of mine are pretty good too but Joe has taken them to work, so maybe I'll send some later if they seem worthwhile.

with much love

Ellen



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Monday

Dear Daddy and Mummie,

Mike returned hale and hearty and brought us your love and presents. The little lamp is a darling, and is now cheerfully lighting Alice's room. The pictures of the doll house are most interesting--I have to keep looking and looking at them to be sure I've missed nothing. I will send them back with Mike in July as I would have to have them lost in the mail. And the hydroxes are all set! Thank you very much.

Mike has finished the chair and did a wonderful job. Now we're talking about redoing the couch!

The grass has come up magnificently. I am appalled at how thick it is in such a short time, and the straw has all disappeared. Joe bought an electric lawn mower and we have both used it quite a lot already. Saturday I cut about half the tall grass and weeds out in front with it--it seems to go through anything. (Though I must confess I did put a few nicks in the blades!)

And Alice! I remember I told you she took 7 steps the day after you left, but then she didn't do much for about a week. But all of a sudden one day she started walking and she hasn't been on her hands and knees since! She apparently enjoys it.





so much that when she runs out of places to go, she just walks around in circles. Not only that, she either sings or "talks" constantly while shes walking. It really is the funniest sight to see this little creature wander through the room, clutching a toy and singing dreamily to herself, paying not the slightest attention to anyone. At other times, when I'm washing dishes or something, she comes barrelling into the kitchen, sees me, a big grin, and "hi-i-i". Also, she is able, with a great deal of grunting and groaning to get out the screen doors if they happen to be unlatched. One of the things I love most about her is her persistance, she really works at whatever she's trying to do, and then the big, pleased grin that comes when she's accomplished it. Like Sunday. I was washing the dishes and she was busy climbing up the first step of the stool, and looking proudly around and banging on the top. Then when she wanted to get down she would scream. Finally I got tired of putting her down again and again, so I just stood there and said "Come on, Alice you can do it" Hanging on tight she reached one foot down behind her, down, down-- it was so far for those short legs. And what a look of panic on her face. But finally the foot touched and Alice walked away, grinning from head to toe--and rushed back to do it again! I'm amazed, too, at how well she does outside. She falls about every three steps but it doesn't seem to deter her. She gets very adventurous and goes over to the Case's, way to the back corner of our yard, out toward the road, any-





where, just going, going, going! Last week we stopped in at the Peters. They have a good sized plastic swimming pool with metal edges (not one of those soft collapsible ones). Alice walked all around it, slapping her hands in the water, and of course, in she went, head first. I fished her out, sputtering, and set her down and walked away to see what she would do. She went right back to splashing her hands in the water! So we put her in. And what a time. She crawled the length of it, grabbed the edge and pulled herself up a minute gasping and laughing and then turned to roar off to the other end. Back and forth. Laughing and gasping. Finally that got dull, so she started walking around, and falling down with a great splash, loving every minute of it. Jimmy and Pat were laughing so hard watching her, and so were Pauline and I.. To make matters funnier, her pants got lower and lower--what a sight she was! I guess at times like that it would be nice to have a movie camera!

Tomorrow night we are havng 12 people to an informal supper--Joe's office crew. How I love being able to do things like that!

Well, sweet Alice is up now--and she's heading for the typewriter with a gleam in her eye. She keeps reaching her fingers out and everytime she scores a hit she smiles engagingly but as you can see

going rough

she's making the

with much love  
Ellen



Papa - I guess I failed to send  
a spectacular card on Father's  
Day - but you know every  
day is Daddy's day with me!  
love love love love love

from  
Daughter





Mrs Hugh Qingley  
536 N. Wilson  
Bellefonte  
Pennsylvania

K.



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.

440 FAIRFIELD PIKE

YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.  
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YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

Thursday

Happy Mother's Day, dearest Mother!!

I dont know how I'm going to make out with this letter as there are three children here and I find it hard to concentrate....

But anyway I am thinking what a nice mother you ~~were~~--and are--and hoping I can live up to what I consider an almost perfect ideal of Mother--you. More and more often as Alice grows I think back and am reminded of my own childhood--and so much more I appreciate what you and Daddy did--so much more I am grateful for the love and understanding and the wonderful times we all had.

A single friend of mine, the girl who helps me with the scout troop, has invited Mary and Barbara and me to Mother's Day breakfast at her apartment--she's making quite an occasion of it, thinking that our husbands and children won't, but she doesn't know how wrong she is (in my case anyway) and I am sorry to be abandoning the only two people in the world who make me a mother! Oh well, there are 364 other Mother's Days in the year (as my mother used to say!).

I was very saddened by your card yesterday, not so much that Martha died but that she had to get sick in the first place. I am so sorry for John as I imagine he'll be very lonely, and for you, too, as Martha was such a good friend to you and your children.



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The next weekend, last weekend, the Girl Scouts went camping. Considering Alices adaptability and amiability I decided to take her too. And she had a marvelous time. We slept in sleeping bags in tents and she thought that was quite something. She ate all that horrible girl-cooked food and seemed to thrive on the whole affair. We left after school on Friday and came home after breakfast on Sunday.

I hesitate to mention this but the spring planting fever has caught us again--and we have been planting up a storm! We have three clematis' and three grapes growing (?) on the arbor, some new bushes close to the house and a bunch of other stuff. You are probably right, this will be a jungle in 20 years, but we'll worry about it then! So far we have had amazing luck with our plantings and things look pretty good.

Are you going to be able to come out and visit the jungle this summer? Mike's plans aren't settled yet, but you are welcome anytime. And Daddy too. And Henry too. We are going to have a trip in September and probably will go to Boston. That's too far away to talk about now.

Well, I think I'll try to get the ironing done so that I can get out to the garden. Hope all is going well with you and Daddy, and that your flowers are flourishing!

With very much love

Ellen



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The letter you got from Alice last week was composed entirely by her~~self~~. I just said You ought to thank Grandma for the suitcase. If you like I'll write ~~it~~ for you if you tell me what you want to say. So she did. She had quite a gala birthday--and it does seem so long ago. Joe was home that day and we had a party--10 children, and all went well. Everyone, including Alice had a great old time. She truly was delighted with the suitcase--you certainly hit the nail on the head. And she also loved the little "Four years old" button that came on Grand-dad's card--wore it around for days.

The following weekend we went to Pike Lake state park. We got there in time for supper (a late supper!) Friday night and returned in time for supper here on Sunday. The weather was reasonably good and we had a very relaxing comfortable time. And Alice simply adored it--the trip, her suitcase, the cottage, and being in a rowboat. Alice really is a joy in that respect--she loves new things, new places and will try anything once with verve--it makes doing things such fun. The Clausers, who have no children, came down for lunch on Saturday and stayed with us until Sunday afternoon. We all had such fun--and we were able to give them a striking example of the maternal instinct. In the middle of the night Alice cried and I flew out of bed--with a shriek as it was the top bunk! I nearly killed myself but the baby was safe! Actually we never did find out what woke Allie up with all the confusion resulting from my descent from the upper atmosphere! We all slept in one big room, Alice ~~and~~ me in one double decker, the Clause~~s~~s in another and Joe on a couch.





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MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.  
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Saturday

Dear Mama,

We certainly did enjoy your account of the Williamsburg trip--sounds like a truly fabulous place. I was glad you saw the candlesticks like yours--I had seen them in a picture Edy had and thought they looked very familiar but wasn't positive. I let Edy read your letter too and she also enjoyed it--as I think I mentioned before, she was mad for the place. She bought some lovely brass candle sticks and several catalogues and a book--and is full of ideas she wants to buy!

Today is a snowy November day--very pretty. I hope you all had a thankful thanksgiving. We imagined that the boys were there and everyone had a jolly time! We had a turkey (6" 14 oz) and everything that traditionally goes with it--and Mr. and Mrs. Maloney and Alice to eat it! The first time we have ever had ~~T~~ dinner alone, and it was very pleasant. We took a walk in the Glen in the morning--Joe and I had a fine time but the whole procedure left Alice cold, in more ways than one. On our way home we stopped in one of the quarries and stole some more rocks for the grape arbor. After dinner we all three slept and then went over to the Coopers about 6. A nice day.

Here is a conversation which took place at the breakfast table recently:

Mother: Alice, that is enough sugar.

Father: You eat too much sugar.

Mother: You'll turn into a sugarlump



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.

440 FAIRFIELD PIKE

YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

Alice: I like to be a sugarlump

Father: I'll feed you to the horses

Mother: I'll put you in my teacup

Alice: I want to be in Grandma's teacup

Alice is missing a front tooth. She had it~~it~~ extracted by the dentist. That a deal. Since late last spring she had been getting little things on her gum. They came and went. The doctor said it was a gumboil and she should go to a dentist. The dentist said it was a gumboil and the tooth must come out. Needless, to say, much time elapsed between~~all~~ these conversations. Anyway, the dentist said that Alice evidently got a blow on her tooth which jiggled it and killed the ~~root~~ nerve. An infection formed (abscess) and drained periodically thru the boil. Sounds gruesome. Anyway, the great day arrived last Monday--and I was tense, to say the least. Alice was happy as a lark because all her older friends have lost teeth and she feels she should too. She climbed happily and confident into the chair, chatting with the dentist. And my stomach got tighter and tighter, wait until she finds out life is not a bed of roses, I groaned--that happy smile will give way ~~to~~ too shrieks when the good doctor gives her the needle. But I'm always wrong. In went the needle, ouch says Alice, Well, well, says the dentist, and out comes the tooth. Alice jumped down from the chair--no~~no~~ post-operative care of any kind--runs to the mirror and gleefully examines her new status symbol. And she hasn't stopped smiling--she thinks she is the nuts. As for me I think she looks awful, and it gives me a little tug every time I look at her, and it may be years before the other tooth comes in. C'est la vie.



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

Barbara Case is home again struggling along in a one armed fashion. Bit by bit she finds she can do many things, the two older girls are being a great help and all sorts of neighbors and friends are baking cakes and doing ironing. I have done neither, my contributions come in other quarters. She can't take care of Polly one armed, so Wednesday I went over to get Polly up from her nap. Polly was sitting in her crib covered with a homogenous paste of B from head to toe. She was making mud pies to boot. (One of the older girls had diapered her for her nap, evidently not too well) It took me about 45 minutes to see the end of that job. Yesterday Barbara called--polly is throwing up she said. Over I dashed. Cleaned up the crib and polly and sat down to wait for the second act. Which followed closely. Cleaned up again. All looked well so came home after about an hour. Got settled down with the Christmas card struggle. The phone rings, a familiar voice says Guess who. Back I go.

Barbara is feeling very apologetic and helpless. But I am trying to console her in that she is giving us all a wonderful opportunity to do good and feel virtuous, to think of others and not just ourselves to assuage our selfish souls. And seriously, I think this is ~~so~~ so--one does take pleasure in helping others, and, of course, she'll have her chance sometime.

I will describe the curtains to you, but not this time--the only way is to send you samples of the material and I don't have it all yet!

Much love to you + Pop

Ellen



we both got a large change  
from the news clipping!





ms. Hugh M. Quigley  
536 N. Wilson St  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania

K.



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

a box from Bucks County  
just arrived!



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

Monday

Dear Mummie,

With mixed feelings we sent off a package to you all this morning--sad because you won't be here when you open them, but happy because we hope you'll be delighted and pleased with them! At any rate, I hope it arrives in time and in good shape--and that it makes your Christmas bright and cheery!

Christmas plans progressed forwardly and unhurriedly around here, and the air of excitement spreads. I haven't made so terribly many things this time--all the ones that are to be mailed are on their way and the rest I have plenty of time to putter along with. I made paper dolls for the two Boston nieces (like the ones I made Janet and Martha two years ago) and they turned out so very well. Paper doll making must be my forte. I do wish I could see their reaction to them.

Last week we took Alice to Dayton to see Santa Claus and all the big store Christmas. I wish you could have been with us--it was such fun. Alice was so impressed when we walked into the store--their decorations are truly breathtaking--and her breath was took! We went to see the Santa first. We didn't have to stand in line too long, just long enough for her to really look at the decorations and watch a dozen or so other children talk to Santa. Then our turn came--Alice looked, but wouldn't get on his lap to talk to him! I guess I'm not surprised but I was a little disappointed--mostly because I was planning to send the picture they take to you!



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.

440 FAIRFIELD PIKE

YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

Next we took her to the Tike shop. That is really something--a little store for children to shop in. The doorway is only about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, all the counters are low, no merchandise over \$3, everything arranged "presents for mother", presents for father", "presents for brother" etc with picture-signs. A hostess meets the child at the door, writes down on a slip of paper what her name is, how ~~many~~ much money she has, and for whom she is going to buy presents. Then she gives her a little tiny shopping bag (into which she puts the slip) and the child says adieu to the fond parents and disappears within. The parents sit down on a bench and wait. They have a one way ~~xxx~~ window you can look in, and of course I did--there was little Allie wandering around looking completely dazed. It nearly broke me up. Then a salesgirl came along, bent down to talk to her and I saw her give a huge shrug of her shoulders. The sales girl took the slip out of Allie's bag and steered her over to a counter. At this point I left the window, feeling a little dewy eyed. But pretty soon Alice emerged, two boxes in her bag--and a tremendous smile on her face.

She carried the bag around with her the rest of the time we were in the store and told us both several times that she wouldn't tell us what she had gotten--and she hasn't yet. But the thing that really floored me was when we got home. We changed our clothes, but before I was finished I heard her rustling around in the front room. I came down the hall. She was just taking her two boxes out of the bag. "I guess this is all I have to do, she murmured. She went into the front room and started to close the door. "But don't you want some help?"



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

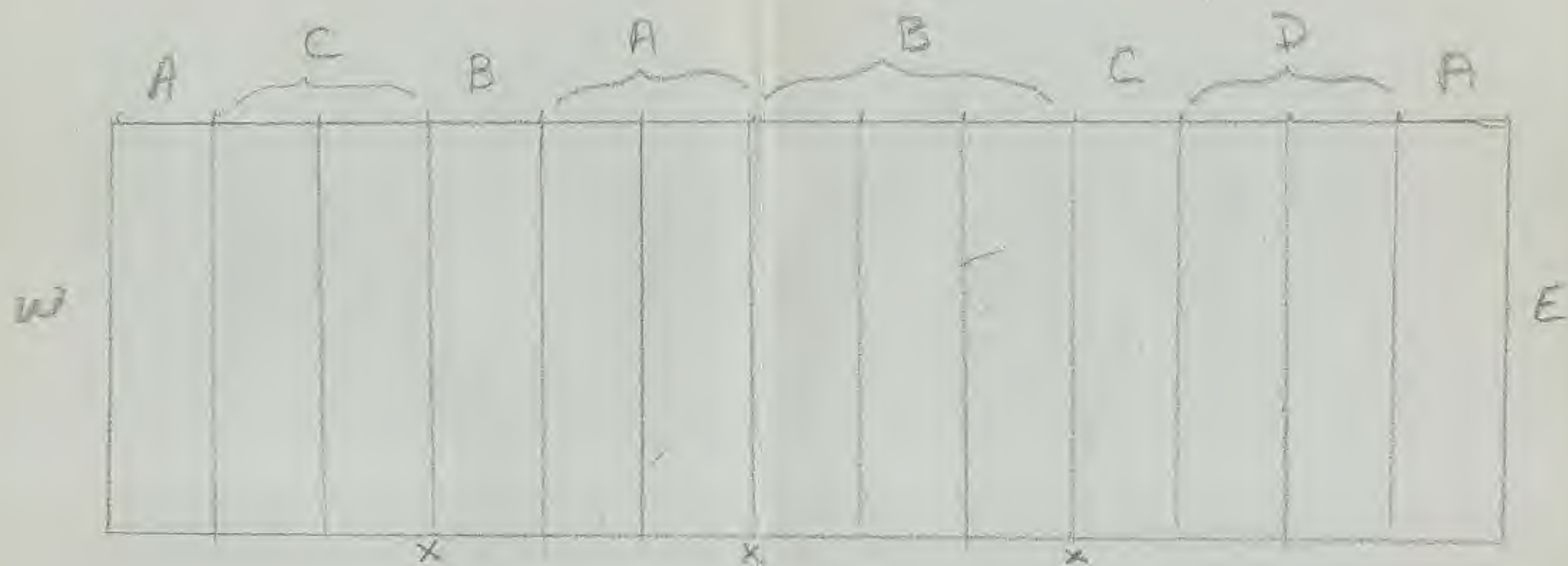
quoth the eager mother. "Nope". Door closes followed by a half hour of bustling and rustling, snipping and snapping and quite a bit of talking to oneself, or muttering, I should say. I called in twice, how are you coming. Both times "Fine". She had watched me wrap things the day before so I figured she had a general idea what to do. Finally she came out. "All done" she said. I rushed in, and there on top of the other presents, most casually, were two reasonably wrapped things, complete with paper, stickers and ribbons tied in bows. But the room! What a shambles--paper scraps, bits of ribbon, crumpled up stickers everywhere! It looked like a tornado had hit the whole works!

Next morning I heard another rustling in the front room. "Ye gods, she is unwrapping them I thought. But there she was sitting calmly on the floor with two tags one "Toe" and the other "Well" tying them on the packages. "I forgot the tags" she said. The two packages are still on the bureau looking very respendent and expectent--nor do we have the vagest notion what is in them. She has a tremendous sense of secrecy--and I for one can hardly wait for Christmas!

My, this letter is getting long, but I did want to tell you about the curtains. The color samples enclosed. The curtains are panels of the full width of material--I'll draw a picture. THEY ARE STUNNING!

I hope your Christmas plans are going well too and that you have a wonderful one, though we shall miss you so much. We'll talk to you though and that will be fun. Don't forget you've already sent us





the curtains divide at x  
 they are on plester tape like the front bedroom  
 (only much fuller! - 34 yards of material!)  
 they really are very pretty!



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY, JR.  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

our present, which we use and enjoy so much! I do hope you'll be able to spare Henry and Mike for a few days afterwards, and that they'll be able to come for a few days. It has been mentioned but we haven't heard anything definite! Well, if this letter is beginning to sound incoherent it is only because Alice is hopping around here and babbling a mile a minute! Enclosed is something she made for you.

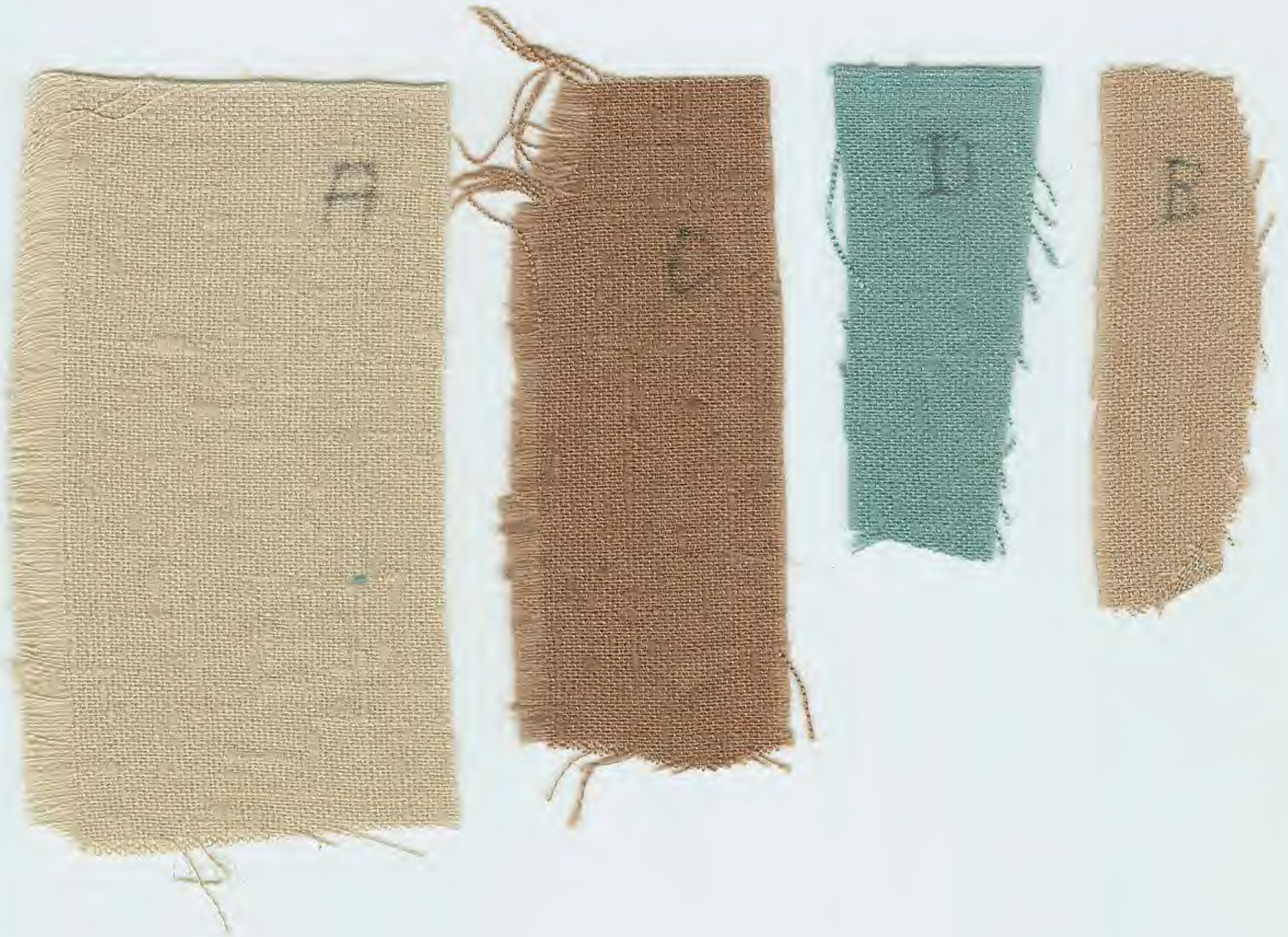
With much love  
To you + Daddy

Ellen











Maloney  
106 Woodrow  
Yellow Springs  
Ohio



R  
Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley  
536 N. Wilson St  
Bellfonte  
Pennsylvania



$$\begin{array}{r} 11 \\ \hline 23.36 \\ 13.75 \\ \hline 11 \end{array}$$

*Handwritten signature or name, possibly "John Smith" or similar, written in cursive script.*



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.

106 Woodrow Street Yellow Springs, Ohio

Monday

Dear Mummie,

We just got back from seeing our friend Dr. Berley and it seems both Alice and I are in excellent condition! For me everything has returned back to normal and he seemed very impressed with the state of my stomach muscles--though I suspect he says that to all the girls! At any rate, I'm glad everything is all right because I certainly feel wonderful. (I asked him when I could have another baby and he said in 2 years--ha) (Tomorrow I go to the dentist and that won't be such a happy story!)

For Alice there seem to be no problems at all except for a slight exzema behind one ear (which I had to print out). She weighs 9 lbs. 4 oz--and looks it. And now comes the fun. She gets homogenized milk with vitamins instead of the simlac, strained fruit and pabulum mixed cereal--these are to be started one at a time with several days inbetween so if something doesn't agree with her we'll know what it is. I don't know whether I'm anxious to start this feeding hassle or not! Well, I'll let you know how it works out.

She certainly is a darling. She is still sleeping all night and when she's awake she lies happily on the bed looking around and kicking. Of course, she does cry sometimes! Then we play with her she smiles and wriggles and "talks"! Whoever said something about the "joy of motherhood" certainly had it right as my heart beats faster when the little cutie smiles at me!

I got a nice letter from Uncle Bo last week in which he said they may go to Bellefonte. How nice that will be--I wish I could be there too. Actually I don't know when we'll be able to come but we are going to Boston next week. Joe has to be at Harvard for 4 days the following week and so gets his fare paid. If we go in the middle of the week we can get family rates which means half price for me. We will fly which is the only way to travel with a tiny baby and stay at Joe's family's for two days, and at his brothers two more. Then I will fly home when Joe goes to his meetings, mostly because I have some GS commitments that week. I wasn't too keen on the idea at first but several of my friends flew when their babies were small and they were alone--at least I'll be with Joe going. And of course it is the only way Joe's parents will see his child so it would be rather selfish of me to ~~go~~ stay at home just because I didn't feel like going. Now that it's all decided I get more excited about it every day--the



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.

106 Woodrow Street Yellow Springs, Ohio

only problem will be figuring what to take and I always have that problem anyway! We'll have a good time with Joe's brother and sister and their families--it will be the first time we will all have been together since before we were married.

THA has been kind enough to approve our loan, but they still have a few little changes they want made--they are an impossible bunch of people! We have to see Porter about these changes and I trust that will be within the next few days. I was hoping I would be able to say something definite in this letter--perhaps next time! Heavens! I am getting anxious!

The community art show was this past weekend and we went to see it yesterday. They had some very nice things. They have a flower show at the same time--a very nice one this year. Then I have a house and a garden I think I'll enter some arrangements! All in all this has been a busy weekend. Joe was home Saturday and we wheeled Alice downtown to do the grocery shopping. In the afternoon Joe played tennis with Paul Cooper and Alice and Scottie and I watched. Then the Coopers came over here, Mary had been working on the art show, and we drank beer and had a pleasant time. After they left Joe cooked a good steak dinner and then we went to the Cafeteria for a pre-theatre drink after which we went to the Area Theatre's production of "Amphytrion 39". (Aileen baby sat) several people came over after the play and so we didn't go to bed until 1:30. Sunday we had Irv to breakfast, Joe played tennis again, we sat out in the sun for awhile, rearranged the living room furniture, washed the car, went to the art show, went to the Coopers for a picnic supper and came home about 9 we'll ready for bed! Mike was here most of Sunday.

I'm glad you liked the picture of Alice--I'm going to try to take one on or about the 18th of every month--so you will get more! I hope your rheumatism is better--it sounds very uncomfortable to say nothing of inconvenient. And I know what you mean about lousy old housewifely ailments. Yes I still take the bathinet in the bathroom as it seems the easiest way. ~~And~~ I enjoy giving her a bath because she seems to enjoy it too!

Bett Garman Smith called me up from Bellefonte last week just to talk. I was so surprised I hardly knew what to say but it certainly was nice of her. I also got a letter from Mrs. Koller in Iran thanking me for the letter I wrote thanking her for the bowl!

Very much love to you + Daddy -  
Ellen



J. E. M.  
106 WOODROW  
YELLOW SPRINGS  
OHIO.



Mr & Mrs H. M. Zwigley  
536 N. Wilson St.

Belleville  
Pennsylvania

K.







Monday 3/18/55

Dear Nora & Hugh -

We've been happily reading about your new house & I thought I'd drop you a note and wish you happiness & good luck in it. Needless to say we are a little envious - our plans are still on paper & it will probably be another month or so before we have every thing mapped up. And there's always a slight chance that P.H.A. might find some reason why we shouldn't be allowed to build it.

This may be a little late but I want to thank you for my Christmas presents & my birthday cards (with enclosures). Nora we are being very careful with La Traviata - We are saving it for the new high-fi system we are going to build after we have a house. But we have played it & are going to hear it again at a friend's house - one who has a



draw and paint needle (that's important)  
Nelly is feeling fine, thank  
the Lord - it won't be too long  
now. Needless to say we are both  
very happy about it all. Are you  
people looking forward to being  
grand parents?

We've seen a lot of Mike -  
and enjoy having him around.  
He is fitting very well into our  
casual sort of existence.

Henry's life certainly seems as  
exciting. He seems to make the  
most of every thing. I wonder what  
he is doing with his red, white &  
blue convertible - he seems to be  
outside all the time most of  
the time.

Will you be seeing you  
both next month, or just Nora?  
You know you are welcome.  
Nell will keep you posted on  
the latest developments.

Mean while best regards &  
happy living in your new home  
As ever Joe



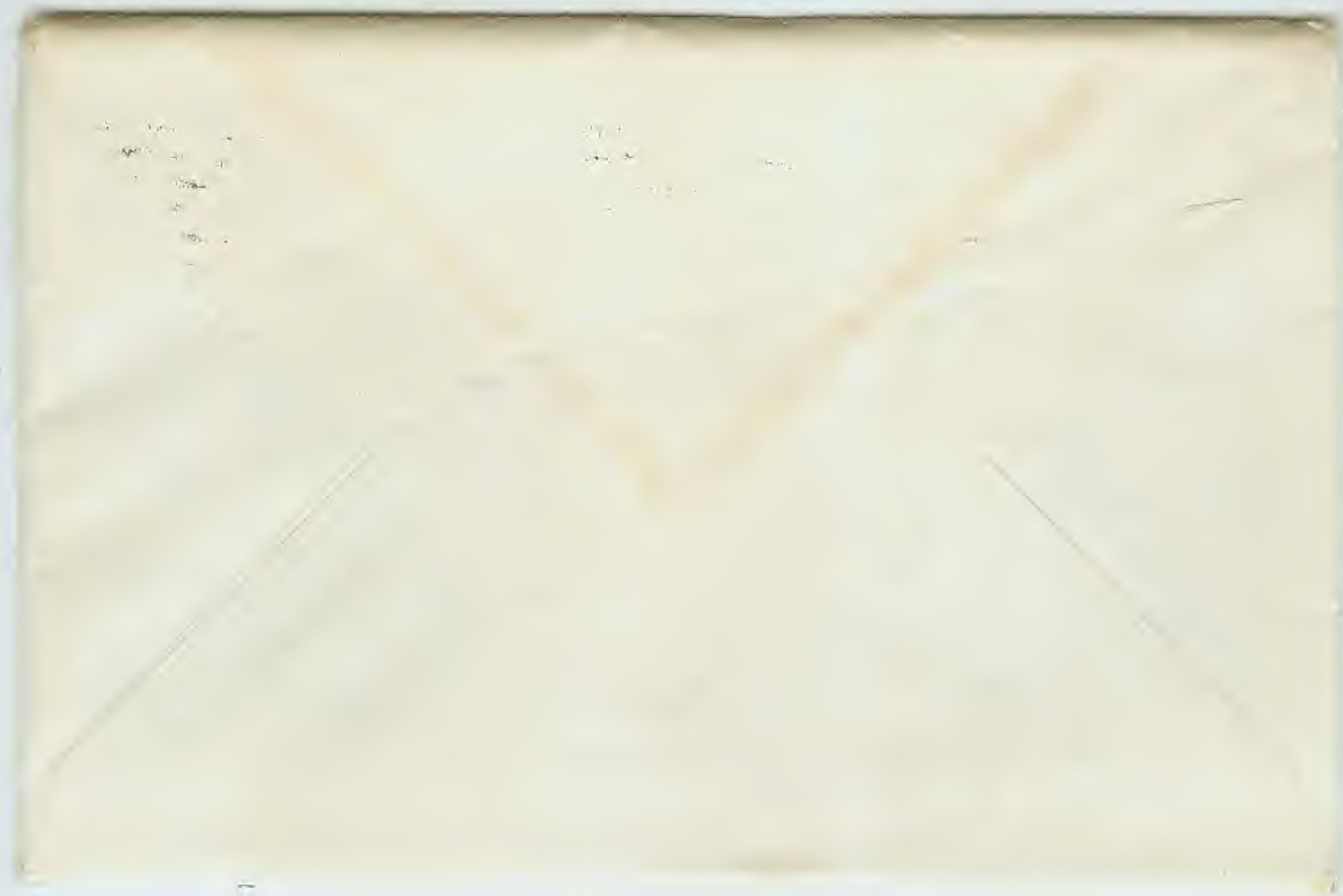
Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.  
440 Fairfield Pike  
Yellow Springs, Ohio



Mr + Mrs H. M. Quigley  
536 N. Wilson St  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania

R









Tuesday

Dear Mummie and Daddy,

How strange to bein such a big house! I really feel like I'm just visiting someone--very much so at first, but every day I feel more and more "at home"! Oh it is such a beautiful place, and I can hardly believe it is actually ours, and we are actually living in it.

The moving itself went very very well. I stayed up at the ~~House~~ apartment, and Joe and Mike went back and forth. (Alice was at the Coopers) Another girl came up and she and I just packed things and shoved them in the direction of the door. The boys, plus some other friends with their station's wagons, took load after load. About noon I came down to the house, most everything being out, and the 3 of us had lunch at the Lousbury's. At the house most everything was in the room it was supposed to be--the many tags and labels I had put on the week before paid off! We pushed things around into a reasonable semblance of living, put some of the kitchen stuff away, the girl who helped in the morning came and cleaned the refrigerator (we bought a second hand one), the stove and table came from Rike's, all kinds of people came and went, carl wheeler started washing windows, more people came and went, all was delightful confusion. But even so, by suppettime, the beautiful house looked like home. We had supper at the Coopers, and then came home to put Alice to bed. That was wha I first felt like I was visiting someone, because of course I hardly knew where anything was!

Mike and Joe and I unpacked boxes in the





evening and then sat around with a drink, just looking, until after midnight. Oh what a glorious sleep I had and what a view to wake up to in the morning!

Sunday we had more visitors and got more things arranged, and then went to the Vöemeisters for a good dinner. When we got back and got Alice in bed, we were sort of wondering what to do when the door bell rang. There were the Coopers, the Powers, Wheelers, gafverts and the Vies all with funny presents and very much happy spirit--what a nice party we had!

Since then we have been pecking away bit by bit at the things that need to be done. But the house is already very settled looking and some of these little things will take months, years!, and so we are relaxed, happy and MOVED!

What a joy to have the washing machine in the kitchen where I can make phone calls, clean up, watch Alice between loads! What a joy to be able to carry on even when Alice is in bed asleep! What a joy to be able to take a shower! What a joy to just sit here and look out at the pretty countryside--we have MANY and BIG windows! How wonderful not to be falling over someone when more than two or three are gathered together! How wonderful the kitchen is, and the new stove! How wonderful it all is--and you all must see it soon! I hope you can come in May, and stay long enough to really enjoy the place. Of course, I would like it sooner, but Joe will be away the middle two weeks of April (sob, sob) and I will be taking a course in Springfield the last week of April--and April in general looks like a full month, ~~on~~ that I will be glad to see over!





Alice is thriving in this new environment. She has a wonderful time crawling around and around. I give her a bath in the tub and she seems to love it. And this morning she "helped" me do the laundry. She looked so cute standing there holding the handle and trying to wiggle it to the off position.

Momentary interruption. A man came to put a light fixture in. At first I thought it was the plumber. I wanted a tub in the laundry space, but he couldn't get one right away. So he fixed the washing machine so I could wash in the meantime (he clamped a hose on the outflow nozzle and stuck it into the drain). But after several washings I like it so much this way I'm thinking of calling and saying to forget the tub.

Well, I have things to thank you for and I'd better get busy! The crady came in good shape and we all are enjoying it. And the little ducks for Alice. How cute they are! (Joe said, well, I can see what is going to be on our Easter table from now until eternity.) Alice hasn't had a chance to admire them at close hand--but if they're going to be on the Easter table forever, she will! Thank you very much. I'm afraid I didn't think much about Easter until the day arrived! By the way, in case I didn't mention it--the unmentionables came--how funny after all this time! For Easter Amos gave me a pretty little Dresden figurine. It's about 6 inches high, a 17th century lady in a dancing attitude.

Evening - I stopped rather abruptly because all of a sudden I got tired typing & anyway there was Alice to feed & rising to lion! We just now had a ferocious rain storm &



Joe + I went around looking for leaks. we found several around windows + marked them with pencil so we wouldn't forget! we also had an awful storm last night. A brilliant flash of lightning sat us both upright - then we just huddled together wondering if we'd live! the bedroom has a window all along the wall + the bed is along the window so I guess we felt pretty vulnerable!

Saturday night we had a most pleasant time. Mike was here + he + Joe built "our first fire". then we opened a bottle of champagne Mike gave us + drank it. then we put Alice to bed + had dinner. we opened out the table, linen cloth, ~~the~~ candles, serving dishes, goblets - the works. And liquor after. Really elegant living - + how we enjoyed it! You will be treated to the same!!

Here are some cute pictures for you. I got your post card + little Easter note, Daddy, + enjoyed them. I too enjoyed talking to you very much - I'm sorry Ma wasn't home but I guess we exchanged all the news all right! Very much love,  
Ellen





Mrs. H. M. Quigley  
536 N. Wilson St  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania

To



Mrs. JOSEPH E. MALONEY

440 FAIRFIELD PIKE

YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO







MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY

440 FAIRFIELD PIKE

YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

July 11, 1962


Dearest Ma,

I want to write a long newsy letter to you as much as you want to get it!! But I've never in my life run into so many obstacles to letter writing as I have ~~been~~ recently. And of course, it's not because there is no time--there is always enough time, but I organize it so poorly. I'm always waiting for a clear HOUR at least before I start--now surely I can start a letter in fifteen minutes and finish it later if I have to. That shall be my new policy!

Well, I hope you got a gorgeous birthday present from us all--and I'm dying to know what it was (is)! I had a very funny conversation with Elaine Brown, at the local greenhouse--and more or less left things in her hands considering the 11th hour it was (10 am Saturday morning) and she's such a wild one she might have sent you an igloo full of gladiolas for all I know. Anyway happy birthday!

I seem to be the Mother Confessor to an increasing number of my friends. Edy has just left and poor Edy has problems. All of a sudden everything has just closed in on her and she is on the verge of a nervous collapse. Stolid, lethargic Edy. At least she didn't cry--most of my other confesseees end up in





MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY

440 FAIRFIELD PIKE

YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

tears. Sometimes I get depressed filling this roll, but Joe consoles me by saying his mother was just the same and it is a most Useful Role to fill. And I guess you are the same too. Well, I am amazed at some of the pickles people get themselves into, and of course it all makes me realize I've never really had any problems. After my few moments a year ago last winter, I seem to be in fine shape and ~~stap~~ling merrily ahead.

Camp is over and all went well, nothing left to do but my report and an evaluation meeting here tomorrow morning. Now I must turn my attention to some housecleaning and the return of Mike and Betsy. Haven't heard a word from them but so far have received FIVE boxes of 36 slides apiece!! ye gods! I have here the last word in dirty houses--While cleaning I saw something green sticking out from under the washer. I pulled gently. Out came a 8 inch fully matured grass plant, its roots happily imbedded in a clod of dust!

Katie is walking most all of the time now. Alice is delighted with her and I must say it is truly a panic to see her mincing along and then PLOP down she goes. But unperturbed.

Yes, I saw the article in the Readers digest and I am thinking. Actually we haven't used them yet mostly because we haven't been swimming much. But I intend to use them



MRS. JOSEPH E. MALONEY

440 FAIRFIELD PIKE

YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

because I think they are perfectly allright--and lots of fun--if you use your head. Only an idiot would put someone like Katie afloat in an inner tube in deep water. It's truly amazing how many idiots there are!

The flowers on the anniversary card are all flowers from my garden. I'm in a card making phase--I made a wild one for Henry's birthday and sent along an enormous one for Mike and Betsy's anniversary unbeknownst to them in their suitcase. Goodness, I wonder if they ever found it.

Tonight when I go downtown for a meeting of the Recreation Advisory Board (now how do you like that!) I will stop at the drugstore to pickup pictures. If the one I took of my crazy pond is any good I will enclose it in this letter.

The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that you and Daddy should come and visit us sometime during the next three months--via train. Katie is such a riot and Alice has been absolutely delightful this summer--and Alice keeps asking for both of you.

Well, its four o'clock and I must do the ironing so that I can get to supper. Joe has a new mandate that supper must be on the table at 6:30--and it really causes me to hustle. No more goofing around until 6 o'clock!

with much love to you & Pa  
Ellen



MALONEY  
440 FAIRFIELD PIKE  
YELLOW SPRINGS  
OHIO.



Mrs. W. M. Quigley  
536 N. Nelson St  
Bellefonte  
Perryman

K



21) 135 / 17  
8  
55



Yellow Springs  
Friday (Good) 4/20

Dear Nora,

I thought I'd drop you a line to let you know that I had a wonderful, wonderful weekend at your house last month. It was just what I needed. You have a wonderful family and I love them all. I wish we could all get together more often, but may be that's what makes our get-togethers so successful.

Easter weekend is here with its usual bunnies, eggs, jilly beans etc etc. To night I read the last half of "The Story of Our Lord" to Alice, (describing Good Friday & Easter to her) so that she might have some significance of the real meaning of the times. We're so happy with that story (that you sent). Alice loves the story and the pictures are perfectly marvelous & we sat many minutes picking out various little scenes in those beautiful two page colored ones.



Mary Reynolds is going to be part of the family this coming weekend. She'll come home from the store with me tomorrow night.

Sunday morning we all have breakfast at the Buses, then all the children hunt Easter eggs at the Boopers. Then the adults come to our house for Irish coffee and coffee cake. The early afternoon we have to ourselves, and maybe we'll get to the Glen for an hour or two. Charlie & Sue will be here for supper. Nellie will make Canadian cheese & soup, Sue will make pop-overs, I'll make the salad and Charlie will no doubt bring down a bottle of white wine (he always does).

Well, my dear, that's it for now. Love to you and Hugh from all of us here in Y.S.


Sincerely Joe





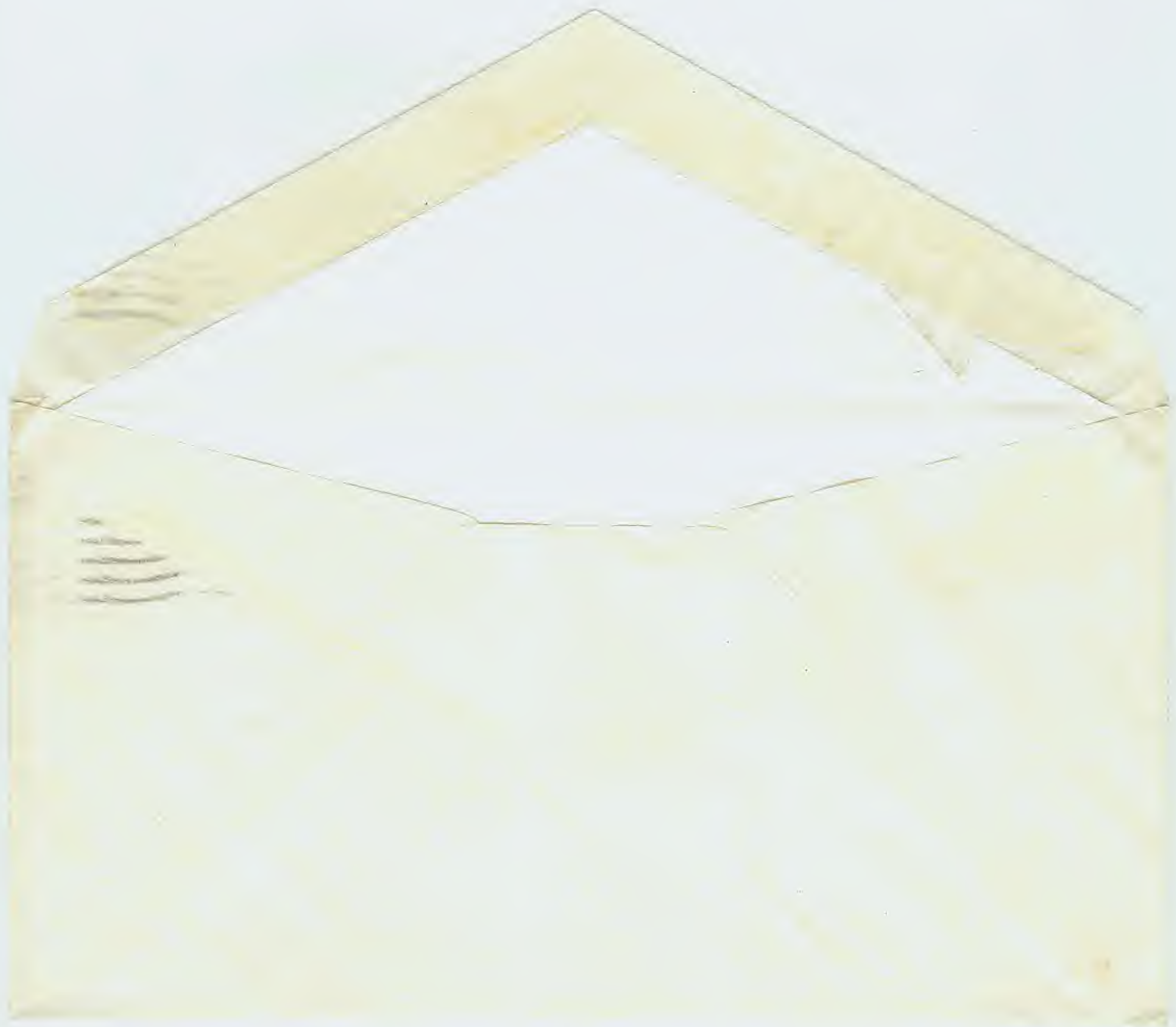
K  
Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley  
536 N. Wilson St  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania





Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.  
106 Woodrow Street Yellow Springs, Ohio







Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.

106 Woodrow Street Yellow Springs, Ohio

May 5, 1955

HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY ! ! !

to Mother & from Mother M !

I I hope you had a good drive home and found the dogs and the house all happily awaiting you. We were very sad at seeing you go, but also a little excited at the prospect of tending to our little one. And thus far things are going quite well. The first bath Tuesday morning was quite a job--she wiggles so--but each time I become more proficient and Alice behaves very well. Formula making is no problem though it took me nearly an hour the first day, and Joe almost as long the second, but this morning I did it with great dispatch. Even getting up at night doesn't bother us - yet. It is still a lark but I'm sure the novelty will wear off!

Joe went back to work today and I was really on my own. However, I didn't do anything extra except iron some summer skirts and blouses so the day was very pleasant. Alice cooperated beautifully by waking up in time for breakfast so I fed her while we ate. At suppertime she was all fed and happy by the time Joe came home so we had a pleasant dinner together. I didn't even have to cook dinner as Larry brought it over all ready. And Jane Galyart is bringing something over tomorrow. These people are so very nice that it is almost embarrassing. So many nice things have been happening to us I can't find words enough to say how I feel.

And one of the very nicest things was having you, and later Pop, here. We are both very, very happy about the way things worked out and realize more and more how lucky we were to have you. And it was such fun too. I'm so glad we were able to finish it all with a bang on Sunday evening--that seemed like a most fitting celebration. And I must thank you again for not only "services rendered" (!) but also the soap, and the cubs, and the bathinet, and the silver dishes and everything. But mostly it was just having you here helping me in so many ways to fully enjoy the most exciting thing that ever happened to me. I will enjoy the very thoughts of it all for a long time to come.

I shan't write any more now, but promise to keep you well informed on our progress. I hope the graders are doing a good job on the lawn and that you managed to keep them out of the rosebushes.

I trust your Torco is  
still in good shape!

with my very deepest love  
To you + Daddy -  
Ellen





Mr + Mrs H. M. Quigley  
505 East Curtin St.  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania

K

Ans.



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.  
106 Woodrow Street Yellow Springs, Ohio



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.

106 Woodrow Street Yellow Springs, Ohio

December 28, 1954

Dear Mummie and Daddy,

Merry Christmas again and thank you for the nice presents! I was delighted with the bouillon cups, though I haven't unpacked them all. I have no place to put them right now and they are so well packed it seems sensible to leave them as is. We were both very pleased with the record you sent Joe as it has long been one of our favorites. The note paper will come in very handy and we got a kick out of the envelopes for "Ma" and "Pa"--that also will come in handy!! And I'm so glad you sent the card of the house. How exciting it is--it has been wonderful having Mike to fill in the details about it.

I'm still chuckling over the telephone conversations Christmas night. So many people on both ends of the line! It was lots of fun and certainly made the day complete.

We did have a very nice Christmas all the more so because Mike was here. Next year we can all hope to be together again--and in a new house either here or there! We decorated the tree and the living room Christmas eve which is always a lot of fun. Then we all went to church. Joe and I sang in the choir so Mike had to sit alone but he didn't seem to mind. Unfortunately the choir was pretty awful, the only compensation being that we had a good time doing it!

We got up pretty late Christmas morning and opened our presents in our pajamas. There were many little boxes marked "Nell from Joe", and when they were all opened and inventory taken they turned out to be 4 strings of beads, 3 pairs of scissors, 2 pairs of slippers and 1 pair of glass things to keep candles from dripping on the candlesticks! I got quite a laugh out of the line-up and even Joe had seemed somewhat surprised! The beads are the long ropes that are all the rage now and which intrigue me. The scissors are wonderful--a good pair for cutting cloth, pinkie shears and kitchen utility shears--all very useful. One pair of slippers is a nice fluffy pair to replace ones just like them that were falling apart, and the other pair is a most elegant pair of gold elasticized thread!

Joe was very pleased with the shirt I had made him though it is just a tiny bit snug across the shoulders. The red flannel pajamas he liked too--though I just finished them this morning! Poor sewing machine got quite a workout the two weeks before Christmas. Of course, I shouldn't have



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tried to do so much--but I enjoy it so much!

We spent most of Christmas day visiting people. We had a very fine dinner here about six. I was really quite proud of myself as it was indeed an elegant meal. And I was also proud of my two men helpers which of course are really what made the whole thing possible! Mike and I spent a good part of Friday (he came over Thursday night) making sand tarts with Mrs. Sieg's recipe. They turned out very very well and we were so pleased. Please tell her. I also made a mince pie which Mike said was even better than Mrs. Sieg's--but you needn't tell her that! We had a little 8 pound turkey which Joe and Mike made excellent stuffing for, washed potatoes, gravy, cranberries and green beans (which nobody was particularly interested in).

The next day, Sunday we had a steady stream of visitors here, culminating in the arrival of Mary, Don, Louise, Kathey and Mike at 5 for supper and the evening. We had cold turkey and cold roast beef, cranberries, deviled eggs (Mike), stuffed celery (Joe), jelloe-vegetable salad (me), hot rolls (Pepperidge Farm) and cookies and pie and coffee. As an after dinner treat Joe put crushed ice in ~~the~~ big wine glasses, filled them ~~the~~ with creme de menthe and served with straws--sensational!

Well, it was a very Merry Christmas, and I enjoyed it very much--but I probably have never been so tired as I was Sunday night--I was completely and utterly exhausted, but (as I said to Joe) happy. And so ~~yes~~ yesterday, being the sensible daughter of sensible parents, I spent most of the day snoozing in bed and today I feel much restored!

It still seems incredible that Mike is here. He's been here two weekends both of which were festive ones--and the one coming up will be too--so I'm not as ~~very~~ impressed with the fact that he lives here and will be here all year! Poor guy--people keep saying, when they meet him, Oh, a baby sitter, how nice for you people! Mike got the last word at the Fektners party two weeks ago, though. Someone, thinking he was visiting us for the holidays asked politely how long he expected to be here and Mike said with a pleasant smile "Well, not longer than three years".

Thank you again for the presents and a very happy new year to you both

with very much love from the  
daughter who thinks about  
you a lot - Ellen





*K*

Mrs. Hugh M. Quigley  
505 E. Curtin St  
Belleville  
Pennsylvania



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.  
106 Woodrow Street Yellow Springs, Ohio



Mrs. Joseph E. Maloney, Jr.

106 Woodrow Street Yellow Springs, Ohio

November 3, 1954

Dear Mummie,

My long awaited visit with the good doctor is now over and you will be happy to know that I am very, very healthy! In fact, I am completely normal and average. I always seem to be average in everything. He measured me inside and out and informed me that I have quite adequate architecture (his terminology) for having babies. Also he could feel my uterus, both inside and out, and seemed surprised that things had progressed so far, saying, my, you're well over three months pregnant--which I could have told him weeks ago! He articulated all my joints, looked between my toes, pounded my back and ended up saying there was absolutely no question that I was going to have a baby. Doctors are funny. He gave me a huge bottle of pills (iron and vitamins) to take and a book to read about natural childbirth. He said I could ride my bicycle and do anything but jump around. So I'm all set.

My first sewing project is all done, I put the last buttonhole in last night, and I'm very proud of it. It is a smock of the material enclosed and I'll draw a picture on the back of this. Sewing certainly is a satisfying thing. Joe asked me if it was something I just did like the washing and ironing but I said no, I really enjoyed it, it's very creative and imaginative.

I wonder if I told you that Joe bought a hat. I suppose that's not very exciting news except that he didn't have one and few people around here wear them. But he wanted one nevertheless--and he looks so handsome in it!

He has also joined the church choir. Last night was the first time he went to practice, but he thinks he'll like it and keep going.

After leaving the doctor this morning, I went over to the Fels Research Institute. They conduct research and studies on the growth and development (physical and mental) of people from before they are born until they are grown up. I have always been interested in the project and thought I would like to contribute any statistics they might want. They have the mother in for interviews and tests about once a month before the baby is born, and then continue with the child. It doesn't take too much time and I think it would be interesting if they accept us. For a good cross section they take only a certain number of people from all different types of social and economic backgrounds as well as physical. They



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will let us know later whether we are acceptable.

I really haven't too much else to say today--just wanted to tell you about the doctors visit. I'm anxious to hear from you about the house--it's been several weeks, you know.

Doctor Berley wrote in his little black book - "Maloney, April 18". ~~for~~ I really don't approve of specific dates from what I've seen of other people's babies' arrivals--but anyway it will give you a general idea of when not to have the reading club at your house! Oh boy, what fun!!

very much love,  
Ellen





Dear Mr. [illegible]  
[illegible]  
[illegible]

[illegible]  
[illegible]  
[illegible]

